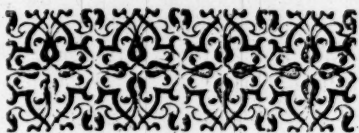




AT LONDON,
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1602.



To the worshipfull and
vertuous Gentlewoman, Mi-
stresse D. A.



Our vertuous request
to which your deserts
gaue the force of a
cōmaundement, won
me to satisfie your de-
uotion, in penning some little dis-
course of the blessed *Mary Magda-
len*. And among other glorious ex-
amples of thys Saints life. I haue
made choise of her *Funerall Teares*,
in vvhich as shee most vttered the
great vehemencie of her feruent
loue to Christ, so hath shee given
A 2. ther-

The Epistle

therein largest scope to dilate vpon the same: a theame pleasing I hope vnto your selfe, & fittest for this time. For as passion, and especially this of loue, is in these dayes the chiefe commaunder of most mens actions, & the Idol to which both tongues and pennes doe sacrifice their ill bestowed labours: so is there nothing nowe more needefull to bee intreated, than how to direct these humours vnto their due courses, and to draw this flood of affections into the right chanel. Passions I allow, & loues I approoue, onely I would wish that men would alter their obiekt and better theyr intent. For passions beeing sequels of our nature, and allotted vnto vs as the handmaidens of reason: there can be no doubt, but that as theyr authour is good,

Dedicatorie.

good, and their end godly: so their
use tempered in the meane, imply-
eth no offence. Loue is but the in-
fancie of true charity, yet sucking
Natures teate, and swathed in her
bandes, which then groweth to
perfection, when faith besides na-
turall motiues, proposeth higher
and nobler grounds of amity. Ha-
tred and anger are the necessarie
officers of prowesse & iustice, cou-
rage being cold and dull, and Iu-
stice in due reuenge slacke & care-
lesse, where hate of the fault doth
not make it odious, & anger setteth
not an edge on the sword that pu-
nisheth or preuenteth vvrongs.
Desire and hope are the parents of
diligence and industrie, the nurses
of perseuerance and constancie,
the seedes of valour and magnani-
mitie, the death of sloth, and the

A 3 breath

The Epistle

breath of all vertue. Feare and dislike are the scouters of discretion, the herbingers of wisdom and policie, killing idle repentance in the cradle, and curbing rashnesse with deliberation. Audacitie is the armour of strength, and the guide to glory, breaking the Ice to the hardest exploytes, and crowning valour with honourable victorie.

Sorrow is the sister of mercie, and a waker of compassion, weeping with others teares, and grieved with their harmes. It is both the salve and smart of sinne, curing that which it chastiseth with true remorse, and preventing neede of new cure with the detestation of the disease. Despaire of successe, is a bitt against euill attempts, and the hearse of idle hopes, ending
endlesse

Dedicatorie.

endlesse thinges in their first motion, to begin. True ioy is the rest & reward of vertue, seasoning difficulties vvith delight, and giuing a present assay of future happinesse. Finally, there is no passiō but hath a seruiceable vse eyther in the pursuite of good, or auoydance of euill, and they are all benefits of God and helpes of nature, so long as they are kept vnder vertues correction.

But as too much of the best is euill, and excesse in vertue vice: so passions let loose without limits, are imperfections, nothing being good that wāteth measure. And as the sea is vnfit for traffick, not onely vvhen the windes are too boisterous, but also when they are too still, and a middle gale and motion of the waues serueth best
the

The Epistle

the sailers purpose: So neither too stormie nor too calme a minde giueth Vertue the first course, but a middle temper betweene them both, in which the vuell ordered passiōs are wrought to prosecute, not suffered to peruert any vertuous indenuour. Such vvere the passions of this holie Saint, vvhich were not guides to reason, but attendants vppon it, and commaunded by such a loue as could neuer exceede, because the thing loued was of infinite perfection. And if her weakenesse of faith, (an infirmie then common to all Christes disciples) did suffer her vnderstanding to be deceiued, yet was her will so settled in a most sincere and perfect loue, that it led all her passions with the same byas, recompensing the want of beliese, with
the

Dedicatorie.

the strange effects of an excellent
charitie. This loue and these pas-
sions are the subiect of thys dis-
course, which though it reach not
to the dignitie of *Maries* deserts,
yet shall I thinke my indeuors wel
appayde, if it may woo some skil-
fuller pennes from vnwoorthy la-
bours, either to supply in this mat-
ter my want of ability, or in other
of like piety, (wherof the scripture
is full) to exercise their happier ta-
lents. I knowe that none can ex-
presse a passion that he feeleth not,
neither dooth the pen deliuer but
what it coppieeth out of the mind.
And therefore sith the finest wits
are now giuen to write passionate
discourses, I would with them to
make choise of such passions, as it
neyther should be shame to vtter,
nor sinne to feele.

But

The Epistle

But vvwhether my wishes in this
behalfe take effect or not , I reape
at the least thys rewarde of my
paines, that I haue shevved my de-
sire to aunswere your curtesie, and
set forth the due prayses of
this glorious
saint.

Your louing friend.

S. VV.



To the Reader.



Any suting theyr labours to
the popular vaine, & gui-
ded by the gale of vulgar
breath, haue diuulged di-
uers patheticall discourses, in which if
they had shewed as much care to pro-
fit, as they haue done desire to please,
theyr workes would much more haue
honoured their names, & auailed the
Reader. But it is a iust complaint a-
mong the better sort of persons, that
the finest wits loose themselves in the
vaineest follies, spilling much Art in
some idle fansie, and leauing theyr
workes as witnesses howe long they
haue beene in trauaile, to be in fine de-
liuered of a fable. And sure it is a
shing greatly to be lamented, that men
of

To the Reader.

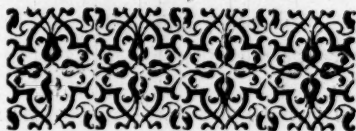
of so high conceite, should so much a-
base their habilities, that when they
haue racked them to the uttermost
endeuor, all the prayse that they reape
of their imploiment, consisteth in this,
that they haue wisely tolde a foolish
tale, & caried a long lie very smooth-
lie to the end. Yet this inconuenience
might finde some excuse, if the drift of
their discourse leuelled at any virtuous
marke. For in fables are often figured
merrall truths, and that couertly vt-
tered to a common good, which with-
out a maske woulde not finde so free a
passage. But when the substance of the
worke hath neyther truth nor proba-
bilitie, nor the purport thereof ten-
deth to any honest end, the writer is
rather to be pittied then praised, and
his bookes fitter for the fire than for
the presse. This cōmon ouersight more
haue obserued, thē endeored to salue,
euery one being able to reprove, none
willing to redresse such faults, authori-
sed

To the Reader.

sed especially by generall custome. And though if necessitie (the lawlesse patron of enforced actions) had not more preuailed than choise, this worke of so different a subiect from the vsuall vaine, should haue beene no eye-sore to those that are pleased with woorse matters. Yet sith the copies therof flew so fast, and so false abroad, that it was in danger to come corrupted to the print, it seemed a lesse euil to let it flie to common view in the native plume, and with the owne winges, than disguised in a coat of a bastard feather or cast off from the fist of such a corrector, as might happily haue perrished the sound, and impeded in some sicke and sorie feathers of his owne fantasies. It may be that curteous skill will reckon this, though course in respect of others exquisite labors, not unfit to entertain wel tempered humors, both with pleasure and profit, the ground thereof being in scripture, and the forme of enlarging

To the Reader.

enlarging it, an imitation of the aucti-
tient Doctours, in the same and other
points of like tenour. This commoditie
at the least it will carrie with it, that
the Reader may learne to loue with-
out improofe of puritie, and teach his
thoughts eyther to temper passion in
the meane, or to gine the bridle onely
where the excesse cannot be faulty. Let
the worke defend it selfe, & euery one
passe his sensure as he seeth cause. Ma-
nie Carpes are expected when curious
eyes come a fishing. But the care is al-
ready taken, and patience wayteth at
the table, ready to take away, when
that dish is serued in, and to make
roome for others to set on the desired
fruite.



MARIE MAG-
dalens funerall
teares.

AMongst other mourn-
full accidents of the
Passion of Christ, that
loue presenteth it selfe
vnto my memory, with which the
blessed *Mary Magdalen* louing our
Lord more then her life, followed
him in his iourney to his death, at-
tending vppon him when his Dis-
ciples fled, and being more willing
to die with him, then they to liue
without him. But not finding the
fauour to accompanie him in
death, and loathing after him to
remaine

Mary Magdalens

remaine in life, the fire of her true affection enflamed her heart, and her enflamed heart resolved into vncessant teares, so that burning and bathing betweene loue and greefe, shee led a lyfe euer dying, and felt a death neuer ending. And when he by whom shee liued was dead, and shee for whom he dyed enforcedly left aliue, shee praysed the dead more then the liuing, & hauing lost that light of her lyfe, she desired to dwell in darkenesse, and in the shadow of death choosing Christes Toombe for her best home, and his corse for her chiefe comfort. For *Mary* (as the Euan-gelift sayth) *Stoode without at the Tombe weeping.*

But alas howe vnfortunate is this vvoman, to vvhom neyther life will affoord a desired farewell, nor death allowe any wished welcome? She hath abandoned the li-
uing

uing and chosen the companie of the dead, and now it seemeth that euen the dead haue forsaken her, sith the corse shee seeketh is taken away from her. And this was the cause that loue induced her to stand, and sorrow enforced her to weepe. Her eye was watchfull to seeke whom her hart most longed to enioy, and her foote in a rediness to runne, if her eye should chauce to espie him. And therefore she standeth to be stil stirring, prest to watch euery way, and prepared to goe whether any hope should call her. But she wept because shee had such occasion of standing, and that which moued her to watch, was the motiue of her teares. For as shee watched to finde whom shee hath lost, so shee wept for hauing lost whom shee loued, her poore eyes being troubled at once with two contrarie

B. offices,

Mary Magdalens

offices, both to be cleare in sight
the better to seeke him, and yet
cloudy with teares for missing the
sight of him.

Yet was not this the entrance
but the encrease of her grieve, not
the beginning but the renewing
of her mone. For first she mourn-
ed for the departing of his soule
out of his bodie, and now she la-
mented the taking of his body out
of the graue, being punished with
two wreckes of her only welfare,
both full of miserie, but the last
without all comfort. The first ori-
ginall of her sorrow grew because
she could not enjoy him alieue: yet
this sorrow had some solace, for
that shee hoped to haue enjoyed
him dead.

But when she considered that
his life was alreadie lost, and now
not somuch as his bodie could be
found, shee was wholly daunted
with

with dismay, sith this unhappines
admitted no helpe. She doubted
least the loue of her maister (the
onely portion that her fortune
had left her) would soone languish
in her cold brest, if it neyther had
his words to kindle it, nor his pre-
sence to cherish it, nor so much as
his dead ashes to rake it vp. Shee
had prepared her spices, and pro-
vided her oyntments, to pay him
the last tribute, of externall du-
ties. And though *Ioseph* and *Ni-*
codemus had alreadie bestowed a
hundreth pounds of Mirrhe and
Aloes, which was in quantitie
sufficient, in qualitie of the best,
and as well applied as art and de-
uotion could deuise: yet such was
her loue, that shee would haue
thought any quantitie too little,
except hers had beene added, the
best in qualitie too meane, except
hers were with it, & no diligence

Mary Magdalens

in applying it enough, except her service were in it. Not that she was sharp in censuring that which others had done, but because loue made her so desirous to doe all her selfe, that though all had beene done that she could deuise, and as well as she could wish, yet vnlesse shee were an Actor it would not suffice, sith loue is as eager to be vttered in effects, as it is zealous in true affection. She came therfore nowe meaning to embalme hys corpes, as she had before annoynted his feete, and to preserue the reliques of his bodie, as the only remnant of all her blisse. And as in the spring of her felicity she had washed his feete with her teares, bewayling vnto him the death of her owne soule: so nowe shee came in the depth of her miserie, to shedde them a fresh for the death of hys bodye. But
when

when shee sawe the graue open,
and the bodie taken out, the labor
of embalming was preuented, but
the cause of her weeping encrea-
sed, and hee that was wanting to
her obsequies, was not wanting to
her teares, and though shee found
not whom to annoynt, yet found
she whom to lament.

And not without cause did *Ma-
rie* complaine, finding her first
anguish doubled with a second
griefe, and being surcharged with
two most violent sorrowes in one
afflicted heart. For hauing settled
her whole affection vpon Christ,
and summed all her desires and
wishes into the loue of his good-
nesse, as nothing could equall his
worthes: so was there not in the
whole world, eyther a greater be-
nefit for her to enioy than him-
selfe, or any greater damage possi-
ble than his losse.

Mary Magdalens

The murdering in his owne death, the life of all lifes, left a generall death in all living creatures, and his decease not onely disrobed our nature of her most royall ornaments, but impourished the world of all highest perfections. VVhat maruell therefore though her vehement loue to so louely a Lord, beeing after the wrecke of his life, now also depriued of his dead bodie, feele as bitter pangs for his losse, as before it tasted ioies in his presence, and open as large an issue to teares of sorrow, as euer heretofore to teares of contentment? And though teares were rather oyle than water to her flame, apter to nourish than diminish her greefe: yet now being plunged in the depth of paine, she yeelded her selfe captiue to all discomfort, carrying an ouerthrown minde in a more enfeebled bodie,
and

and still busie in deuising, but euer doubtfull in defining what shee might best doe. For what could a silly woman doe but weepe, that floating in a sea of cares, found neither care to heare her, nor tong to direct her, nor hand to helpe her, nor hart to pittie her in her desolote case? True it is that *Peter* and *John* came with her to the Tombe, and to make triall of her report were both within it: but as they were speedie in comming, and diligent in searching, so were they as quicke to depart, and fearefull of farther seeking. And alas, what gained she by their cōming, but two witnesses of her losse, two dismayers of her hope, and two patternes of a new dispaire? Loue moued them to come, but their loue was soone conquered, with such feare, that it suffered them not to stay. But *Mary* hoping in
dispaire,

Mary Magdalens

dispaire, and perseuering in hope,
stood without feare, because she
now thought nothing left that
ought to be feared. For shee had
lost her maister to whom she was
so entirely deuoted, that he was
the totall of her loues, the height
of her hopes, and the vttermoſt of
her feares, & therefore beside him,
she could neither loue other crea-
ture, hope for other comfort, nor
feare other losse. The worst she
could feare, was the death of her
bodie, and that she rather desired
than feared, sith she had alreadie
lost the life of her soule, without
which, any other life would be a
death, and with which any other
death would haue been a delight.
But now shee thought it better to
die than to liue, because she might
happily dying finde, whom not
dying she looked not to enioy, and
not enioying she had little will to
liue,

liue. For now she loued nothing in her life, but her loue to Christ, and if any thing did make her willing to liue, it was onely the vnwillingnes that his image should die with her, whose likenesse, loue had limited in her hart, and treasured vp in her sweetest memories. And had she not feared to breake the table, and to breake open the closet, to which shee had entrusted this last relique of her lost happines, the violēce of griefe would haue melted her heart into inward bleeding teares, & blotted her remembrance with a fatall obliuion. And yet neuerthelesse, she is now in so imperfect a sort aliue, that it is prooued true in her, that *Loue is as strong as death*. For what could death haue doone more in *Marie* then loue did? Her wits were astonied, and all her sences so amazed, that in the end finding she
did

Mary Magdalens

did not know, seeing she could not discern, hearing she perceiued not, and more then all this, she was not there where she was, for shee was wholly where her maister was, more where she loued than where she liued, and lesse in her selfe than in his bodie, which notwithstanding, where it was she could not imagine. For she sought, and as yet found not, and therefore stood at the Tombe weeping for it, being now altogether giuē to mourning, and driuen to miserie.

But ô *Mary*, by whose counsaile, vppon what hope, or with what hart, couldest thou stand alone, when the Disciples were departed? Thou wert there once before they came, thou turnedst againe at their comming, and yet nowe thou stayest when thy are gone. Alas that thy Lord is not in the tombe, thine owne eyes haue
often

often scene, the Disciples hands
haue felt, the emptie Syndon doth
auouch, and cannot all this winne
thee to belecue it? No no, thou
wouldest rather condemne thine
owne eyes of error, and both their
eyes and hands of deceite, yea ra-
ther suspect all testimonies for vn-
true, than not looke whom thou
hast lost, euen there, where by no
diligēce he could be found. VVhē
thou thinkest of other places, and
canst not imagine anie so lykelie as
this, thou seekest again in this, and
though neuer so often sought, it
must still be a haunt for hope. For
when things deerely affected are
lost, loues nature is, neuer to bee
wearie of searching euen the ofte-
nest searched corners, being more
willing to thinke that all the senses
are mistaken, than to yeelde that
hope should quaille. Yet now sith
it is so eident, that hee is taken a-
way,

Mary Magdalens'

way what should mouethee to
remaine heere where the perill is
apparant, and no profit likelie?
Can the wit of one (and she a wo-
man) wholly possessed with passi-
on, haue more light to discerne
daunger, than two wits of two
men, and both principall favorites
of the parant of all wisdom? Or
if (notwithstanding the daunger)
there had beene iust cause to en-
counter it, were not two together,
being both to Christ sworn cham-
pions, each to other affied friends,
and to all his enemies professed
foes, more likely to haue preuai-
led, than one feminine hart, timo-
rous by kind, and alreadie amazed
with this dreadfull accident?

But alas why doe I vrge her
with reason, whose reason is alte-
red into loue, and that iudgeth it
folly to follow such reason, as
should any way impaire her loue?
Her

Her thoughtes were arrested by
euery thread of Christes Sindon;
and shee was captiue in so manie
prisons, as the Tombe had memo-
ries of her lost maister: Loue being
her Iailor in them all, and nothing
able to ransom her, but the reco-
uerie of her Lord. VVhat maruell
then though the Apostles exam-
ples drew her not away, whom so
violent a loue enforced to remain,
which prescribing lawes both to
wit and wil, is guided by no other
law but it selfe? Shee could not
thinke of any feare, nor stand in
feare of any force. Loue armed
her against all hazards, and beeing
alreadie wounded with the grea-
test greefe, she had no leisure to re-
member any lesser euill. Yea shee
had forgotten all things, and her
selfe among all things, only mind-
full of him, whom shee loued a-
boue all things, And yet her loue
by

Mary Magdalens

by reason of her losse, drowned both her minde and memorie so deepe in sorrow, and so busied her wits in the conceit of his absence, that all remembrance of his former promises, was diuerted with the throng of present discomforts, and she seemed to haue forgotten also him besides whō she remembered nothing. For doubtlesse had she remembered him as she should, she would not haue now thought the tombe a fit place to seeke him, neither would she mourn for him as dead, and remooued by others force, but ioy in him as reuiued, and risen by his owne power. For hee had often foretold both the maner of his death, and the day of his resurrection. But alas, let her heauinesse excuse her, and the vnwontednes of the miracle pleade her pardon, sith dread and amazement hath dulled her senses, dispersed

pered her thoughts, discouraged her hopes, awaked her passions, and left her no other libertie but onely to weepe.

She wept therefore, being only able to weep. And, *As she was weeping, she stouped down and looked into the Monument, & she saw two Angels in white, sitting one at the head, and another at the feete, where the bodie of Iesus had beene laid. They said vnto her, woman why weepest thou?* Iohn. 20.

O *Mary*, thy good hap exceedeth thy hope, and where thy last sorrow was bred, thy first succour springeth. Thou diddest seeke but one, and thou hast found two. A dead bodie was thy errand, & thou hast light vppon two aliue. Thy weeping was for a man, and thy teares haue obtained Angels. Suppress now thy sadnes, and refresh thy hart with this good fortune.

These

Mary Magdalens

These Angels inuite thee to a parlee, they seeme to take pittie of thy case, and it may be they haue some happy tydings to tell thee. Thou hast hitherto sought in vaine, as one either vnseene, or vnknownen, or at the least vnregarded, sith the partie thou seekest, neyther tendereth thy teares, nor answereth thy cries, nor relenteth with thy lamentings. Eyther hee dooth not heare, or he wil not helpe, he hath peraduenture left to loue thee, & is loth to yeeld thee reliefe, and therefore take such comfort as thou findest, sith thou art not so luckie, as to finde that which thou couldest wish. Remember what they are, where they sit, from whence they come, and to whom they speake. They are Angels of peace, neither sent without cause, nor seene but of fauor. They sit in the tombe, to shew that they are no strangers to thy
thy

thy losse. They come from Hea-
uen, from whence all happy news
discendeth. They speak to thy self,
as though they had some speciall
Embassage to deliuer vnto thee.
Aske them therfore of thy maister,
for they are likeliest to return thee
a desired answer. Thou knewest
him too well, to thinke that hell
hath deuoured him, thou hast
long sought, and hast not found
him in earth, and what place so fit
for him as to be in heauen? Aske
therfore of those Angels that came
newly from thence, and it may be,
their report wil highly please thee.
Or if thou art resolved to conti-
nue thy seeking, who can better
help thee thā they that are so swift
as thy thought, as faithfull as thy
owne heart, and as louing to thy
Lord as thou thy selfe? Take ther-
fore thy good hap, least it be taken
away from thee, and content thee
C. with

C

A

Mary Magdalens

with Angels sith thy maister hath
giuen thee ouer.

But alas what meaneth this
chaunge, and how happeneth this
strange alteration? The time hath
beene that fewer tears would haue
wrought greater effect, shorter
seeking haue sooner found, and
lesse payne haue procured more
pittie. The time hath bin that thy
annoynting his feet, was accepted
and praised, thy washing the with
teares highly commended, and
thy wiping them with thy haire,
most courteously construed. How
then doth it now fall out, that ha-
uing brought thy sweet oyles, to
annoynt his whole bodie, hauing
shed as many tears, as would haue
washed more than his feet, and ha-
uing not onely thy haire but thy
hart readie to serue him, he is not
mooued with all these duties, so
much as once to afford thee his
sight?

fight? Is it not hee that reclaymed thee from thy wandring courses, that dispossessed thee of thy damned inhabitantes, and from the wildes of sinne, recovered thee into the fold & family of his flocke? Was not thy house his home, his loue thy life, thy selfe his disciple? Did not he defend thee against the pharasee, plead for thee against *Iudas*, and excuse thee to thy sister? In summe, was not he thy patron and protector in al thy necessities.

O good Iesu what hath thus estranged thee from her? Thou hast heretofore so pittied her tears, that seeing them thou couldest not re-fraine thine. In one of her greatest agonies for loue of her, that so much loued thee, thou didst recall hir ded brother to life, turning her complaint into vnexpected contentment. And we know that thou doest not vse to alter course with-

Mary Magdalens

out cause, nor to chastice without desert. Thou art the first that inuitest, and the last that forsakest, neuer leauing but first left, & euer offering, till thou art refused. How then hath shee forfeited thy fauor? Or with what trespasse hath shee earned thy ill wil? That she neuer left to loue thee, her heart will depose, her hand will subscribe, her tongue will protest, her teares will testifie, & her seeking doth assure. And alas is her particuler case so farre from example, that thou shouldest rather alter thy nature, than shee better her Fortune, and be to her as thou art to no other? For our parts since thy last shewe of liking towards her, wee haue found no other fault in her, but that shee was the earliest vp to seeke thee, readiest to annoynt thee, and when shee saw that thou wert remooued, shee forthwith
did

did weepe for thee, and presently went for helpe to finde thee. And whereas those two that shee brought, beeing lesse carefull of thee than fearefull of themselves, when they had seene what she had said, sodainly shrunk away, behold she stil staieth, she stil seeketh, she still weepeth. If this be a fault, we cannot denie but this she doth and to this shee perswadeth, yea this she neither meaneth to amēd, nor requesteth thee to forgive: if therefore thou reckonest this as punishable, punished she must be, sith no excuse hath effect vwhere the fact pleadeth guiltie. But if this import not any offence but a true affection, and be rather a good desire than an euill desert, why art thou so hard a Iudge to so soft a creature, requiring her loue with thy losse, & suspending her hopes in this unhappines? Are not those

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Mary Magdalens

thy words; *I loue those that loue me,*
and who watcheth early for me shall
find me? VVhy then doth not this
woman finde thee that was vp so
early to watch for thee? VVhy
doest thou not with like repay hir,
that bestoweth vpō thee her whol
loue sith thy word is her warrant,
& thy promise her due debt? Art
thou lesse moued with these teares
that she sheddeth for thee her only
Maister, than thou wert with those
that she shed before thee for her
deceased brother? Or dooth her
loue to thy seruauant more please
thee thā her loue to thy selfe? Our
loue to others must not be to thē,
but to thee in them. For he loueth
thee so much the lesse, that loueth
any thing with thee, that he lo-
ueth not for thee. If therefore she
then deserued well for louing thee
in another, shee deserueth better
now for louing thee in thy selfe:
and

and if indeede thou louest those
that loue thee, make thy worde
good to her, that is so farre in loue
with thee. Of thy selfe thou hast
said, that thou art *The way, the truth
and the life*. If then thou art a way
easie to finde and neuer erring,
how doth she misse thee? If a life
giuing life & neuer ending, why is
she readie to die for thee? If a true
promising truth and neuer failing,
how is she bereaued of thee? For
if what thy tongue did speake, thy
truth will auerre, shee will neuer
aske more to make her most hap-
pie. Remember that thou saidst to
her sister, that *Mary had chosen the
best part, which should not be taken
from her*. That shee chose the best
part is out of question, sith shee
made choyse of nothing but onely
of thee. But how can it be verified,
that this part shall not bee taken
from hir, sith thou that art this part
art

Mary Magdalens

art alreadie takē away? If she could
haue kept thee, shee would not
haue lost thee, and had it beene
in her power, as it was in her will,
she would neuer haue parted from
thee: and might she now be resto-
red to thy presence, she would trie
all fortunes rather than forgoe
thee. Sith therefore she seeketh no-
thing but what she chose, and the
losse of her choise is the only cause
of her combat, eyther vouchsafe
thou to keep this best part that she
chose in hir, or I see not how it can
be true, that it shall not be taken
frō her. But thy meaning happily
was, that though it be taken from
her eies, yet it should neuer be ta-
ken from her hart, & it may be thy
inward presence supplieth thine
outward absence: yet I can hard-
lie thinke, but that if *Mary* had
thee within her, she could feele it,
and if she felt it, she would neuer
seeke

seeke thee. Thou art too hot a fire
to bee in her bosome, and not to
burne her, & thy light is too great,
to leaue her mind in this darknes
if it shined in her. In true louers
euerie part is an eye, and euerie
thought a looke, and therefore so
sweet an object among so many
eyes, and in so great a light, could
neuer lie so hiddē but loue would
espie it. No no, if *Mary* had thee,
her innocent heart neuer taught
to dissemble, could not make com-
plaint, the out side of a concealed
comfort, neither would she turne
her thoughts to pasture in a dead
mans Toombe, if at home shee
might bid them to so heavenly a
banquet. Her loue would not
haue a thought to spare, nor a mi-
nute to spend, in any other action
then in enioying of thee, whom
she knew too well, to abridge the
least part of her from so high a hap-
pinesse

Mary Magdalens

pinesse. For her thirst of thy presence was so exceeding, and the Sea of thy ioyes so well able to afford hir a ful draught, that though euery parcell in her should take in a whole tide of thy delights, she would thinke the too few to quiet her desires. Yea doubtlesse if she had thee within her, she wold not enuie the fortune of the rycheest Empresse, yea she would more reioyce to be thy Toombe in earth than a throane in heauen, and disdain to be a Saint if shee were worthy to be but thy shrine.

But peraduenture it is now with her mind, as it was with the Apostles eyes, and as they seeing thee walke vpon the Sea, took thee for a Ghost, so shee seeing thee in her heart, deemeth thee but a fancie, being yet better acquainted with thy bodily shape, than with thy spirituall power.

But

But ô *Mary* it seemeth too strange that he whō thou seekest, & for whom tho weepest, should thus giue thee ouer, to these painfull fittes, if in thee hee did not see a cause for which he will not be seen of thee. Still thy plaint & stint thy weeping, for I doubt there is some trespasse in thy teares, and some sin in thy sorrow. Doest thou not remember his wordes to thee & to other women, when he said : *Daughters of Ierusalem weep not vpon me, but weepe vpon your selues and vpon your children?* what meanest thou then to continue this course? Doth he forbid thy teares, and wilt thou not forbear them? Is it no fault to infringe his will, or is not that his will, that his wordes doe import? The fault must bee mended, ere the penance bee released, and therefore eyther cease to weepe, or neuer hope to finde.
But

Mary Magdalens

But I know this Logike little pleaseth thee, and I might as soone win thee to forbear living, as to leaue weeping.

Thou wilt say that though hee forbad thee to weepe for him, yet he left thee free, to weepe for thy selfe, and sith thy loue hath made thee one with him, thou weepest but for thy selfe whē thou weepest for him. But I answer thee againe, that because he is one with thee, & thy weeping for him hath bin forbidden thee, thou canst not weepe for thy selfe, but his words wil condemne thee. For if thou and he are one, for which soeuer thou weepest it is all one, and therefore sith for him thou maist not weepe, forbear all weeping, least it should offend.

Yea but (saist thou) to barre me from weeping, is to abridge me of libertie, and restraint of liberty is

a penaltie, and euerie penaltie sup-
poseth some offence : but an of-
fence it is not to weepe for my
selfe , for hee would neuer com-
maund it, if it were not lawfull to
do it. The fault therefore must be,
in being one with him , that ma-
keth the weeping for my selfe , a
weeping also for him. And if this
bee a fault , I will neuer amend it,
and let them that thinke it so , doe
pennance for it, for my part, sith I
haue lost my myrth , I will make
much of my sorrow, & sith I haue
no ioy but in teares, I may lawfully
shed them. Neither thinke I his
former word, a warrant against his
latter deed . And what need had
he to weep vpon the crosse, but for
our example , which if it were
good for him to giue, it cannot be
euill for me to follow? No no it is
not my weeping that causeth my
losse, sith a world of eyes, and a sea
of

Mary Magdalens

of teares, could not worthily bewaile the misse of such a maister.

Yet since, neyther thy seeking findeth, nor thy weeping preuayleth, satisfie thy selfe with the sight of Angels. Demaund the cause of their comming, and the reason of thy Lords remocue, and sith they first offer thee occasion of parlee, be not thou too daintie of thy discourse. It may be they can calme thy stormes, and quiet thy vnrest, and therefore conceale not from them thy sore, least thou lose the benefit of their emplaster. But nothing can moue *Mary* to admit comfort or entertaine any companie, for to one alone and for euer she hath vowed her selfe, and except it be to him she wil neither lend her eare long to others, nor borrow others helpe, least by seeking to allay her smart, she should lessen her loue. But drawing into
her

her minde all pensiue conceits, she museth and pineth in a consuming langour, taking comfort in nothing but in being comfortlesse.

Alas saith she, small is the light that a starre can yeelde when the sunne is downe, and a sorrie exchange to goe gather crums after the losse of a heauenly repast. My eyes are not vsed to see by the glims of a sparke: and in seeking the sunne it is eyther needlesse or bootlesse to borrow the light of a candle, sith eyther it must bewray it selfe with the selfe light, or no other light can euer discouer it. If they come to disburden me of my heauines, their coming wil be burdensome vnto me, & they wil load me more while they labour my reliefe. They cannot perswade mee, that my maister is not lost, for my owne eies wil disproue them. They can lesse tell me where he may be found,

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found, for they would not bee so
simple to be so long from him : or
if they can forbear him, surely
they doe not know him, whom
none can truly know, & liue long
without him. All their demurres
would be tedious, and discourses
irkesome. Impaire my loue they
might, but appay it they could not
to which he that first accepted the
debt is the onely payment. They
either want power, will or leaue to
tell mee my desire, or at the first
word they would haue done it,
sith Angels are not vsed to idle
speeches, and to me all talke is idle,
that doth not tell mee of my mai-
ster. They know not where he is
and therefore they are come to the
place where hee last was, making
the Tombe their heauen, and the
remembrance of his presence the
food of their felicitie. VVhat so-
uer they could tel. mee, if they
told

told me not of him, and whatsoeuer they should tell mee of him, if they told me not where hee were, both their telling and my hearing were but a wasting of time. I neither came to see them, nor desire to heare them. I came not to see Angels, but him that made both me and Angels, & to whom I owe more than both to men and Angels.

And to thee I appeale, ô most louing Lord, whether my afflicted heart do not truly defray the tribute of an vndeuided loue. To thee I appeale, whether I haue ioyned any partner with thee, in the small possession of my poore selfe. And I would to God I were as priuie where thy bodie is, as thou art, who is onely Lord and owner of my soule.

But alas sweet Iesu, where thou wert thou art not, & wher thou art

D.

I

Mary Magdalens

I know not: wretched is the case
that I am in, and yet how to bet-
ter it I cannot imagine. Alas ô my
onely desire, why hast thou left
me wauering in these vncertain-
ties, and in how wild a maze wan-
der my doubtfull and perplexed
thoughts. If I stay heere where he
is not, I shall neuer find him. If I
would go further to seeke, I know
not whether. To leaue the tombe
is a death, and to stand helplesse
by it an vncurable disease, so that
all my comfort is now concluded
in this, that I am left free to choose
whether I wil stay without helpe,
or goe without hope, that is in ef-
fect, with what torment I will end
my life. And yet euē this were too
happy a choise for so unhappie a
creature. If I might be chooser of
my owne death, ô how quickly
should that choise be made, and
how willingly would I runne to
that

that execution? I would be nailed to the same crosse, with the same nailes, and in the same place: my hart should be wounded with his speare, my head with his thornes, my body with his whips: Finally, I would taste all his torments, and tread all his embrued and bloodie steps.

But ô ambitious thoughts, why gaze you vpon so high a felicitie? why thinke you of so glorious a death, that are priuy to so infamous a life? death alas I deserue, yea not one but infinit deaths. But so sweet a death, seasoned with so many cōforts, the very instruments wherof wer able to raise the deadest corps, and depure the most defiled soule, were too small a scourge for my great offences. And therefore I am left to feel so many deths as I liue houres, & to passe as many pangues, as I haue thoughts of my

D 2. losse,

Mary Magdalens

losse, which are as many as there are minutes, & as violent as if they were al in euery one. But sith I can neither die as hee died, nor liue where he lieth dead, I will liue out my liuing death, by his graue, and die on my dying life by his sweete Tombe. Better is it after losse of his body to looke to his sepulcher, than after losse of the one, to leaue the other to be destroyed. No, no, though I haue been robbed of the Saint, I wil at the least haue care of the shrine, which though it be spoyled of the most soueraigne hoast, yet shal it be the Alter wher I will daily sacrifice my heart, and offer vp my teares.

Heere will I euer lead, yea here doe I meane to end my wretched life, that I may at the least be buried by the Toombe of my Lord, and take my iron sleepe neere this couch of stone, which his presence

sence hath made the place of sweetest repose.

It may be also that this emptie Syndon lying heere to no vse, and this Toombe being open without any in it, may giue occasiō to some mercifull heart, that shall first light vpon my vnburied body, to wrap mee in his shroud, and to interre me in this Toombe.

O too fortunate lot, for so vnfortunate a woman to craue: no, no, I doe not craue it. For alas I dare not, yet if such a sinfull ouersight should be committed, I doe now beforehand, forgiue that sinner, and were it no more presumption to wish it aliue than to suffer it dead, if I knew the partie that should first passe by mee, I would woo him with my teares, and hire him with my prayers, to blesse me with this felicitie. And though I dare not wish any to do it, yet this

D 3. with-

Mary Magdalens

without offence I may say to all,
that I loue this *Syndon* aboue all
clothes in the worlde, and this
Toombe I esteeme more than a-
nie Princes monument : yea, and
I thinke that corse highly fauored,
that shall succede my Lord in it,
and for my part as I meane, that the
ground, where I stand shall be my
death-bed, so am I not of *Iacobs*
mind to haue my bodie buried far
from the place where it dieth, but
euen in the next & readiest graue,
and that as soone as my breath fai-
leth, sith delayes are bootlesse,
where death hath won possession.

But alas I dare not saye anie
more, let my bodie take such for-
tune as befalleth it: my soule at the
least shal dwell in this sweet Para-
dise, and from this brittle case of
flesh and blood, passe presently in-
to the glorious Tombe of God &
man. It is now enwrapped in a
masse

masse of corruption, it shall then
enjoy a place of high perfection:
where it is now it is more by force
than by choise, and like a repining
prisoner in a loathed gayle. But
there in a little roome it should find
perfect rest, and in the prison of
death, the liberty of a ioyfull life.

O sweet Tombe of my sweetest
Lord, while I liue I will stay by
thee: when I die, I wil cleaue vnto
thee: neither aliuie nor dead, wil I
euer be drawne frō thee. Thou art
the altar of mercy, the temple of
truth, the sanctuarie of safetie, the
grauē of death, and the cradle of
eternal life. O heauen of my eclip-
sed sunne, receiue vnto thee this
silly star that hath now also lost all
wished light. O VVhale that hast
swallowed my only *Jonas*, swallow
also mee more woorthy to be thy
pray, sith I, & not he, was the cause
of this bloody tēpest. O Cestern of
my

Mary Magdalens

my innocent *Ioseph*, take me into thy drie bottome, sith I, and not he gaue iust cause of offence to my enraged brethren. But alas, in what cloud hast thou hidden the light of our way? Vpon what shore hast thou cast vp the Preacher of all truth? or to what *Ismaelite* hast thou yeelded the purueior of our life?

Oh vnhappy mee, why did I not before thinke of that which I now aske? VVhy did I leaue him when I had him, thus to lament him, now that I haue lost him? If I had watched with perseuerance, eyther none woulde haue taken him, or they should haue taken me with him.

But through too much preciseness in keeping the Law, I haue lost the law-maker, and by beeing too scrupulous in obseruing his ceremonies, I am proued irrilegi-
ous

ous in loosing himself, sith I should rather haue remayned with the truth than forsaken it, to solemnize the figure. The Sabbaoth could not haue bin prophaned in standing by his corse, by which the prophaneſt things are sanctified, and whose touch dooth not defile the cleane, but cleanseth the most defiled.

But when it was time to stay, I departed: when it was too late to helpe, I returned: and now I repent my folly, when it cannot be amended. But let my hart dissolue into sighs, mine eies melt in teares, and my desolate soule languish in dislikes: yea let all that I am and haue, indure the deserued punishment, that if hee were incensed with my fault, he may be appeased with my penance, and returne vpon the amendment that fled from the offence.

Thus

Mary Magdalens

Thus when her timorous conscience had indited her of so great an omission, & her tongue enforced the evidence with these bitter accusations. Loue, that was now the onely vmpier in all her causes, condemned her eyes to a fresh showre of tears, her brest to a new storme of sighes, and her soule, to be perpetuall prisoner to restless sorowes.

But ô *Mary*, thou deceiuest thy selfe in thy own desires, and it well appeareth, that excesse of griefe, hath bred in thee a defect of due prouidence.

And wouldest thou indeede haue thy wishes come to passe, and thy words fulfilled? Tell me then, I pray thee, if thy hart were dissolued, where wouldest thou harbor thy Lord? what wouldest thou offer him? how wouldest thou loue him?

Thy

Thy eyes haue lost him, thy hands cannor feele him, thy feet cannot follow him, and if it be at all in thee, it is thy heart that hath him, and wouldest thou nowe haue that dissolued, from thence also to excile him? And if thy eyes were melted, thy soule in langor, & thy senses decaied, how wouldest thou see him, if he did appeare? how shouldst thou heare him, if he did speak, how couldst thou know him, though he were ther present?

Thou thinkest happily that, he loueth thee so well, that if thy hart were spent for his loue, he would eyther lend his owne heart vnto thee, or create a new heart in thee, better than that which thy sorrow rooke from thee. It may be, thou imaginest, that if thy soule would giue place, his soule wanting now a bodie, would enter into thine, with supply of all thy senses, and
release

Mary Magdalens

release of thy sorrowes.

O *Mary*, thou didst not marke what thy maister was wont to say, when he told thee, that the third day he should rise againe. For if thou hadst heard him, or at the least vnderstood him, thou wouldest not thinke, but that he now vseth both his heart and soule in the life of his owne bodie. And therefore repayre to the Angells, and enquire more of them, least thy Lord be displeased, that coming from him, thou wilt not entertaine them.

But *Mary*, whose deuotions were all fixed vpon a nobler Saint, and that had so straightly bound her thoughts to his onely affection, that shee rather desired to vnknew whom she knew already, than to burthen her minde with the knowledge of new acquaintance, could not make her will,
long

long since possessed with the highest loue, floupe to the acceptance of meaner friendships. And for this though she did not scornfully reiect, yet did she with humility refuse the Angels company, thinking it no discourtesie to take her selfe from them, for to giue her selfe more wholly to her Lord, to whom both shee and they were wholly deuoted, and ought most loue and greatest duty. Sorrow also being now the onely interpreter of all that sence, deliuered to her vnderstanding, made her confer their demand in a more doubtfull than true meaning.

If (*saieth she*) they came to ease my affliction, they could not be ignorant of the cause: and if they were not ignorant of it, they wold neuer aske it, why then did they say, *Woman why weepest thou?*

If their question did import a
prohibi-

Mary Magdalens

prohibition, the necessitie of the occasion doth countermand their counsaile, and fitter it were they should weepe with me, than I in not weeping obey them.

If the sunne were ashamed to shew his brightnesse, when the father of all lights was darkned with such disgrace: if the heauens discolouring their beauties, suted theselues to their makers fortune: If the whole frame of nature were almost dissolved to see the author of nature so vnnaturally abused: why may not Angels, that best knew the indignitie of the case, make vp a part in this lamentable consort: And especially now, that by the losse of his body, the cause of weeping is increased, and yet the number of mourners lessened: sith the Apostles are fled, all his friends afraid, & poore I left alone to supply the tears of all creatures?

O who will giue water to my head,
and a fountaine of teares vnto my eyes
that I may weepe day and night, and
neuer cease weeping? O my onely
Lord thy greefe was the greatest
that euer was in man, and my grief
as great as euer happened to wo-
man; for my loue hath carued me
no small portion of thine, thy losse
hath redoubled the torment of
my owne, and all creatures seeme
to haue made ouer to me theirs,
leauing me as the vicegerent of all
their sorrow. Sorrow with me at
the least thou ô Tombe, and thaw
into teares you hardest stones. The
time is now come, that you are li-
censed to crie, and bound to re-
cōpence the silence of your Lords
Disciples, of whom he himselfe
said to the Pharisees, that if they
held their peace, the very stones
should cry for them. Now there-
fore sith feare hath locked vp their
lips,

Mary Magdalens

lips, and sadnes made them mute,
let the stones crie out against the
murderers of my Lord, and be-
wray the robbers of his sacred bo-
die.

And I feare that were it well
knowne, who hath taken him a-
way, there is no stone so stonie, but
should haue cause to lament.

It was doubtlesse the spite of
some malicious Pharisee or bloo-
die Scribe, that not contented
with those torments, that he suffe-
red in life (of which euerie one
to any other would haue beene a
tyrannicall death) hath now stolne
away his dead bodie, to practise
vppon it some sauage crueltie, and
to glut their pittilesse eyes, and
brutish harts with the vnnaturall
vsage of his helplessse corps. O yee
rocks and stones, if euer you must
crie out, now it is high time, sith
the light, the life, and the Lord of
the

the world is thus darkned, massacred and outragiouly misused.

Doth not his too[n]ge, whose trueth is infallible, and whose word omnipotent, commaunding both windes and seas, and neuer disobeyed of the most insensible creatures, promise to arme the world and to make the whole earth to fight against the sencelesse persons, in defence of the iust? And who more iust then the Lord of iustice? who more sencelesse than his barbarous murderers, whose insatiabie thirst of his innocent blood, could not bee staunched with their cruell butchering him at his death, vnlesse they proceeded farther in this hellish impietie to his dead bodie. Why the do not all creatures addresse themselves to reuenge so iust a quarrell, vppon so sencelesse wretches, left of all reason, forsaken of humani-

E

tic

Ola. 2.

Marie Magdalens

tie, and bereaued of al feeling, both of God and man?

O *Marie*, why doest thou thus torment thy selfe with these tragical surmises? Doest thou thinke that the angels would sit still, if their maister were not well? Did they serue him after his fasting, and would they despise him after his decease? Did they comfort him before he was apprehended, and would none defend him when hee was dead? If in the Garden hee might haue had twelue Legions of them, is his power so quite dead with his body, that he could not now commaund them? Was there an Angell found to helpe *Daniel* to his dinner, to saue *Toby* from the fish, yea and to defend *Balaams* poore beast from his maisters rage: and is the Lord of Angels of so little reckning, that if his body stood in neede, neuer an Angell would defend

defend it? Thou seest two here
present to honour his Tombe, and
howe much more carefull woulde
they be to doe damage to his per-
son? Beleeue not *Marie* that they
would smile, if thou haddest
such occasion to weepe. They
would not so gloriously shine in
white, if a blacke & mourning weed
did better becōe thē, or were a fit-
ter liuerie for thy maister to giue,
or them to were. Yeeld not more
to thy vncertain feare, & deceived
loue, thē to their assured knowledg
& neuer erring charitie. Can a ma-
terial eie see more thē a heauēly spi-
rit, or the glimmering of thy twi-
light giue better aime than the
beames of their eternall sunne?
Would they (thinkest thou) waite
vpon thy winding sheet, while the
corse were abused, or be heere for
thy cōfort, if their Lord did neede
their seruice? No no, he was nei-

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ther any theeves bootie, nor Phariſees pray, neither are the Angels ſo careleſſe of him, as thy ſuſpitiō preſumeth. And if their preſence and demeanour cannot alter thy conceit, looke vpon the cloathes and they will teach thee thine error, and cleare thee of thy doubt.

Would any theefe thinkeſt thou haue been ſo religious, as to haue ſto'n the body & left the cloathes? yea, would he haue bin ſo venturous, as to haue ſtayed the vnſhrowding of the corſe, the well ordering of the ſheetes, and folding vppe the napkins? Thou knoweſt that myrrhe maketh linnen cleaue aſtalt, as pitch or glue: and was a theefe at ſo much leiſure, as to diſſolue the myrrhe and vncloath the dead? what did the watch while the ſeales were broken, the Toombe opened, the body vnfolded, all other thinges ordered

dered as now thou feelt? And if all this cannot yet perswade thee, beleeue at the least thy owne experience. When thy maister was stripped at the crosse, thou knowst that his onely garment being congealed to his goarie backe, came not off without manie partes of his skin, and doubtlesse would haue torne off many more, if he had bin annointed with mirrhe: Looke then into the sheet, whether there remaine any parcell of skin, or any one haire of his head: and sith there is none to be found, beleeue some better issue of thy maisters absence, than thy feare suggesteth. A guiltie conscience doubteth want of time, and therefore dispatcheth hastely. It is in hazard to be discouered, & therefore practiseth in darknesse and secrecie. It euer worketh in extreame feare, and therefore hath no leysure to

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place things orderly. But to vnwrap so mangled a bodie, out of mirrhed cloathes, without tearing of any skinne, or leauing on any mirrh, is a thing either to man impossible, or not possible to be done with such speede, without light or help, and with so good order. Assure thy selfe therefore, that if either of malice, or by fraud, the corse had bin remoued, the linnen and mirrhe should neuer haue bin left, and neither could the Angels look so chearfully, nor the clothes ly so orderly, but to import some happier accident, than thou cōceiuest.

But to free thee more from fear, consider these wordes of the Angels, *Woman why weepest thou?* For what do they signifie but as much in effect as if they had said: Where angels reioyce, it agreeth not that a woman should weep, and where heavenly eyes are witnessers of ioy,

no

no mortall eye shoulde controll
them with testimonies of sorrow?
With more than a manly courage
thou diddest before my comming,
arme thy feete to runne among
swords, thy armes to remooue huge
loades, thy body to endure all ty-
rants rage, and thy soule to be sun-
dred with violent tortures: and art
thou nowe so much a *Woman* that
thou canst not commaund thy eies
to forbear teares? If thou wert a
true Disciple, so manie proofes
would perswade thee, but now thy
incredulous humor, maketh thee
vnworthie of that stile, and we can
affoord thee no better title than a
Woman, and therefore, *O Woman*,
and too much a *Woman*, why wee-
pest thou?

If there were here any corse, we
might thinke that sorrowe for the
dead enforced thy teares, but now
that thou findest it a place of the li-
uing

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uing, why doost thou here stand weeping for the dead?

Is our presence so discomfortable that thou shouldest weepe to behold vs? or is it the course of thy kindnesse with teares to entertaine vs? If they be teares of loue to testifie thy good will, as thy loue is acknowledged, so let these signes be suppressed. If they be teares of anger to denounce thy displeasure, they should not heere haue been shed where all anger was buried but none deserued. If they bee teares of sorrow and duties to the dead, they are bestowed in vaine where the dead is reuiued. If they be teares of ioy stilled from the flowers of thy good Fortune, fewer of these would suffice, and fitter were othertokens to expresse thy contentment. And therefore *O woman why doest thou weepe?* would our eyes be so drie, if such
eye-

eye-streames were behoouefull?
Yea would not the heauens raine
tears if the supposals were truths?
Did not Angels alwaies in their vi-
sible semblances, represent their
Lords inuisible pleasures, shadow-
ing their shapes in the drift of his
intentions? When God was in-
censed they brandished swordes:
when he was appeased, they shea-
thed them in scabbards: When he
would defend, they resembled
souldiers, when he would terrifie
they tooke terrible formes, and
when he would comfort, they car-
ried mirth in their eyes, sweetnesse
in their countenance, mildnesse in
their words, fauor, grace and com-
linesse in their whole presence.
Why thē dost thou weep, seeing
vs to reioyce? Dost thou imagine
vs to degenerate from our nature,
or to forget any dutie, whose state
is neither subiect to change, nor
capable

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capable of the least offence? Art thou more feruent in thy loue, or more priuie to the counsaile of our eternal God, than we that are daily attendants at his throne of glory? O Woman, deeme not amisse against so apparant euidence, and at our request exchange thy sorrowe for our ioy.

But O glorious Angels, why do yemouue her to ioye, if you know why she weepeth? Alas she weepeth for the losse of him without whome all ioy is to her but matter of new griefe. While he liued, euerie place where she found him, was to her a Paradise: euerie season wherein he was enioyed, a perpetuall spring: euerie exercise wherein he was serued, a special felicity: the ground whereon he went, seemed to yeeld her sweeter footing, the ayre wherein he breathed, became to her, spirit of life, being once sancti-

sanctified in his sacred brest. In
summe, his presence brought
with it a heauen of delightes, and
his departure seemed to leaue
and Eclipse in all thinges. And yet
euen the places that hee had once
honoured with the accesse of
his person, were to her so many
sweete Pilgrimages, which in his
absence she vsed as chappels and
alters, to offer vp her prayers, fee-
ling in them long after, the vertue
of his former presence. And there-
fore to feede her with coniectures
of his well being, is but to streng-
then her feare of his euill, and the
alleaging of a likelihoods, by those
that know the certaintie, impor-
teth the cause to be so lamentable,
that they are vnwilling it shold be
knowne. Your obscure glancing
at the truth, is no sufficient acquit-
tance of her griefe, neither can she
out of these disioyned ghesles
spell

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spell the words that must bee the conclusion of her compliant. Tell her then directly what is become of her Lord, if you meane to deliuer her out of these dampes, sith what else focuer you say of him, doth but draw more humours to her fore, and rather anger it, than any way assuage it.

Yet hearken O *Marie*, and consider their speeches. Thinke what answer thou wilt giue the, sith they presse thee with so strong perswasion. But I doubt that thy wittes are smothered with too thicke a mist, to admit these vnknown beames, of their pale light. Thou art so wholly inherited by the bloody tragedie of thy slaughtered Lord, and his death & dead body haue gottē so absolute a conquest ouer all thy powers, that neither thy sense can discerne, nor thy minde conceiue, anie other object
than

than his murdered corpe.

Thy eyes seeme to tell thee that euery thing inuitheth thee to weep, carying such outward shewe, as though all that thou seest were attyred in sorrow to solemnize with generall consent the funeral of thy maister. Thy eares perswade thee, that all soundes and voyces are turned to mourning notes, and that the Eccho of thy owne wailings, is the crie of the very stones & trees, as though (the cause of thy teares being so vniuersall) God to the rockes and woodes, had inspired a feeling of thine and their common losse. And therefore it soundeth to thee as a strange question, to aske thee why thou weepest, sith al that thou seest and hearest, seemeth to induce thee, yea to enforce thee to weepe.

If thou seest any thing that beareth a coulour of mirth, it is vnto thee
like

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like the rich spoiles of a vanquished kingdom, in the eye of the captiue Prince, which put him in minde what he had, not what he hath, & are but vpbraidings of his losse, and whetstones of sharper sorrowe. Whatsoeuer thou hearest, that moueth delight, it presenteth the misse of thy maysters speeches, which as they were the onely harmony that thy ears affected, so they being now stopped with a deathful silence, all other words and tunes of comfort are to thee but an *Isralits* musick vpon *Babylon* bancks, memories of a lost felicitie, & proofes of a present vnhappinesse. And though loue increaseth the conceit of thy losse which endeereth the meanest things, and doubleth the estimat of things that are pretious: yet thy faith teaching thee, the infinit dignitie of thy maister, & thy vnderstanding being no dul schol-
ler

let to learne so well liked a lesson,
it fell out to bee the bitterest part
of thy miserie, that thou diddest
so well knowe howe infinite the
losse was that made thee mis-
erable.

This is the cause that those ve-
rie Angels in whome all thinges
make remonstrance of triumph and
solace, are vnto thee occasions of
new grieffe. For their gracious and
louely countenances, remember
thee, that thou hast lost the beauty
of the world, and the highest marke
of true loues ambition Their sweet
lookes and amiable features tell
thee, that the heauen of thy eyes
which was the reuerend Maiestie
of thy maisters face, once shined
with farre more pleasing graces,
but is nowe disfigured with the
dreadfull formes of death. In sum,
they were to thee, like the glis-
tering sparkes of a broken Diamond,
and

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and like pictures of dead and decayed beauties, signes, not salues of thy calamitie, memorials, not medicines of thy misfortune.

Thy eyes were too well acquainted with the truth, to accept a supple of shadowes, and as comelienesse, comfort, and glorie were neuer in any other so truely at home, and so perfittly in their prime, as in the person and speeches of thy Lord: so cannot thy thoughtes but be like strangers in any forraigne delights. For in them all thou seest no more, but some scattered crums, and hungrie moriels of thy late plentifull banquets, and findest a dim reflexion of thy former light, which like a flash of lightning, in a close and stormie night, serueth thee, but to see thy present infelicite, and the better to knowe the horror of the insuing darknes.

Thou thinkest therefore thy
selfe

selfe blamelesse, both in weeping for thy losse, and in refusing other comfort: Yet in common courtesie affoord these Angels an answer, fith their charitie in visiting thee, deserueth much more, and thou (if not too vngratefull) canst allow them no lesse.

Alas (saith she) what needeth my answer, where the miserie it selfe speaketh, and the losse is manifest? My eyes haue answered them with teares, my breast with sighs, and my heart with throbs, what need I also punish my tongue or wound my soule with a newe rehearsall of so dolefull a mischance? *They haue taken away, O vnfortunate word, They haue taken away my Lord.*

O afflicted woman; why thinkest thou this word so vnfortunate? It may be the angels haue taken him, more solemnly to entoombe him,

F and

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and sith earth hath done her last
homage, happily the Quires of
heauen are also descended to de-
fray vnto him, their funerall due-
ties.

It may be that the *Centurion* and
the rest, that did acknowledge him
on the crosse to be the son of God,
haue been touched with remorse,
and goared with the pricke of con-
science, and being desirous to sa-
tisfie for their haynous offence,
haue now taken him, more hono-
rably to interre him, and by their
seruice to his body sought forgiue-
nesse, and sued the pardon of their
guiltie soules.

Peraduenture some secret Disci-
ples, haue wrought this exploit,
and maugre the watch taken him
from hence, with due honour to
preserue him in some better place,
and therefore being yet vncer-
taine who hath him, there is

no such cause to lament, sith the greater probabilities, march on the better side. Why doest thou call sorrow before it commeth, which without calling cometh on thee too fast? yea why doest thou create sorrow where it is not, sith thou hast true sorrowe enough though imagined sorrowes helpe not? it is folly to suppose the worst where the best may be hoped for, and euery mishap bringeth griefe enough with it, though we with our feares, do not goe first to meete it. Quiet then thy selfe till time trie out the truth, and it may be thy feare wil proue greater than thy misfortune.

But I know thy loue is little helped with this lesson: for the more it loueth the more it feareth: and the more desirous to enioy, the more doubtfull it is to loose. It neither hath measure in hopes,

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nor meane in feares: hoping the best vpon the least surmises, & fearing the worst vppon the weakest groundes. And yet both fearing and hoping at one time, neither feare with-holdeth hope from the highest attempts, nor hope can strengthen feare against the smallest suspicions: but maugre all fears loues hopes will mount to the highest pitch, & maugre all hopes, loues feares will stoupe to the lowest downecome. To bid thee therefore hope, is not to forbid thee to feare, and though it may be for the best, that thy Lord is taken from thee, yet, sith it may also bee for the worst, that will neuer content thee.

Thou thinkest hope doth enough to keepe thy heart from breaking and feare little enough to force thee to no more than weeping, sith it is likely that he hath
bin

bin taken away vpon hatred by his
enimies, as vpon loue by his frends.

For hitherto (sayest thou) his
friends haue all failed him, and his
foes preuailed against him, and as
they that would not defend him
aliue, are lesse likely to regard him
dead, so they that thought one life
to little to take from him, are not
vnlikely after death to wreke new
rage vpon him.

And though this doubt were
not, yet who soeuer hath taken
him, hath wronged me, in not ac-
quanting me with it, for to take
away mine without my consent,
can neither be offered without in-
iurie, nor suffered without sorrow.
And as for Iesus hee was my Iesus,
my Lord, and my maister. He was
mine because he was giuen vnto
me, and borne for me: he was the
author of my being, and so my fa-
ther, he was the worker of my well
F 3 doing,

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doing, and therefore my sauiour,
he was the price of my ransome,
and thereby my redeemer: He was
my Lord to commaund mee, my
maister to instruct me, my pastor
to feede me. He was mine because
his loue was mine, and when hee
gaue me his loue he gaue me him-
selfe, sith loue is no gift except the
giuer begiuen with it, yea it is no
loue, vnlesse it be as liberall of that
it is, as of that it hath. Finally
if the meate bee mine that I cate,
the life mine wherewith I liue, or
he mine, all whose life, labours and
death were mine, then dare I
boldly saye that Iesus is mine,
sith on his bodie I feede, by his
loue I liue, and to my good with-
out any neede of his owne,
hath he liued, laboured, and died
And therefor though his Disci-
ples, though the *Centurion*, yea
though the angels haue taken him,
they

they haue done me wrong, in defeating me of my right, sith I neuer meane to resigne my interest.

But what if he hath taken away himselfe, wilt thou also lay vniustice to his charge? Though he be thine, yet thine to cōmaund, not to obay, thy Lord to dispose of thee, and not to be by thee disposed: and therefore, as it is no reason that the seruant should bee maister of his maisters secrets, so might hee, and peraduenture so hath he, remoued without acquainting thee whither, reuiuing himselfe with the same power with which hee raised thy dead brother, & fulfilling the words that he often vttered of his resurrection.

It may be thou wilt say, that a gift once giuen, cannot be reuoked, and therefore though it were before in his choyse, not to giue himselfe vnto thee, yet the deede
of

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of gift being once made, hee cannot be taken from thee, neither can the doner dispose of his gift without the possessours priuities. And sith this is a rule in the law of nature, thou mayest imagine it a breach of equitie, and an impeachment of the right to conuey himselfe away without thy consent.

But to this I will answere thee with thine owne ground. For if he be thine by being giuen thee once, Thou art his by as manie giftes, as daies, and therefore he being absolute owner of thee, is likewise full owner of whatsoeuer is thine, and consequently because he is thine, he is also his owne, and so nothing liable vnto thee, for taking himselfe from thee.

Yea but he is my Lord (sayest thou) and in this respect, bound to keep me, at the least bound not to kill me: and sith killing is nothing

thing but a seuering of life from the body, he being the chiefe life both of my soule and body, cannot possibly go from me, but he must with a double death kill me. And therefore he being my Lord, and bound to protect his seruant, it is against all lawes that I should bee thus forsaken.

But O cruel tongue, why pleadest thou thus against him, whose case I feare me is so pitifull, that it might rather mooue all tongues to plead for him, being peraduenture in their handes, whose vnmercifull heartes, make themselues merrie with his miserie, and build the triumphes of their impious victorie, vpon the dolefull ruines of his disgraced glorie? And now (O grieve) because I know not where he is, I can not imagin how to help, for they haue taken him away, and I know not where they haue put him.

Alas

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Alas *Marie*, why doest thou consume thy selfe with these cares? His father knoweth, and he will helpe him. The Angels know, and they will guard him. His owne soule knoweth, and that will assist him. And what neede then is there, that thou silly woman shouldest know it, that canst no way profit him? But I feele in what vaine thy pulse beateth, and by thy desire I discover thy disease. Though both heaven and earth did know it, and the whole world had notice of it, yet except thou also wert made priuie vnto it, thy woes would be as great, and thy teares as manie. That others see thy sunne, doeth not lighten thy darkenesse, neither can others eating satisfie thy hunger. The more there be that know of him, the greater is thy sorrow, that among so many thou art not thought worthy to be one. And
the

the more there be that may helpe him, the more it greeneth thee that thy pore help is not accepted among them. Though thy knowledge needeth not, thy loue doth desire it, and though it auaile not, thy desire will seeke it. If all know it, thou wouldest know it with all: if no other, thou wouldest know it alone, and from whom soeuer it be concealed, it must be no secret to thee. Though the knowledge would discomfort thee, yet know if thou wilt, yea though it would kill thee, thou couldest not forbear it.

Thy Lord to thy loue is lyke drinke to the thirstie, which if they canot haue, they die for drouth, & being long without it, they pine away with longing. And as men in extremity of thirst are still dreaming of fountaines, brookes, and springes, being neuer able to haue

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other thought, or to vtter other word but of drinke and moisture: so louers in the vehemencie of their passion, can neither thinke nor speake but of that they loue & if that be once missing, euerie part, is both an eye to watch, and an care to listen, what hope or newes may be had of it. If it be good they dye till they heare it, though bad, yet they cannot liue without it. Of the good they hope that it is the verie best, and of the euil they feare it to be the worst, and yet though neuer so good they pine till it be told, and be it neuer so euill, they are importunate to know it. And when they once know it, they can neither beare the ioy nor brook the sorrow, but as wel the one as the other is enoughe to kill them.

And this O *Marie* I gesse to bee the cause why the Angels would not tell thee thy Lords estate. For
if

if it had beene to thy lyking, thou wouldest haue dyed for ioy, if otherwise thou wouldest haue suncke downe for sorrow. And therefore they leaue this newes for him to deliuer, whose word if it giue thee a wound, is also a saluē to cure it, though neuer so deadly-

But alas. afflicted soule, why doth it so deeply greeue thee, that thou knowest not where hee is? Thou canst not better him if he be well, thou cāst as little succor him if he be ill: and sith thou fearest that he is rather ill than well, why wouldest thou know it, so to end thy hopes in myshappe, and thy greate feares in farre greater sorowes? Alas. to aske thee why, is in a manner to aske one halfe starued why he is hungry. For as thy Lord is the foode of thy thoughts, the reliefe of thy wishes, the onely repast of al thy desires: so is thy loue

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a continuall hunger, and his absence vnto thee an extreame famine. And therefore no maruell though thou art so greedy to hear, yea to deuour any be it neuer so bitter notice of him, sith thy hunger is most violent, and nothing but he able to content it. And albeit the hearing of his harms shold worke the same in thy minde, that vnholosome meate worketh in a sicke stomacke: yet if it once concerne him that thou louest, thy hungrie loue could not temper it selfe from it, Though after with many wringing grypes, it did a long and vnpleasant penance.

But why doth thy sorrow quest so much vpon the place where he is? were it not enough for thee to know who had him, but that thou must also know in what place he is bestowed? A worse place than a graue no man will offer, and many farre

farre better many titles will allow:
and therefore thou maiest boldly
thinke, that whereſoeuer he be, he
is in a place fitter for him than
where he was.

Thy ſiſter *Martha* confeſſed him
to be the ſonne of God, and with
her confeſſion agreed thy beliefe.
And what place more conuenient
for the ſonne, than to be with his
Father, the buſineſſe for which he
hath been ſo long from him, being
now fully finiſhed?

If he be the Meſſias as thou didſt
once beleeeue, it was ſayd of him,
*That he ſhould aſcend on high, and lead
our captiuitie captive.* And what is
this height, but heauen? what our
captiuitie, but death? Death ther-
fore is become his captive, and it
is like that with the ſpoyles therof,
he is aſcended in triumph to eter-
nall life.

But if thou canſt not liſt thy
mind

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mind to so fauorable a beliefe, yet
maiest thou verie well suppose that
he is in Paradise. For if he came to
repayre *Adams* ruines, and to be
the common parent of our redem-
ption, as *Adam* was of our origi-
nall infection: reason seemeth to
require, that hauing indured all
his life the penaltie of *Adams* exile,
he should after death re-enter pos-
session of that inheritance which
Adam lost: that the same place
that was the nest, where sinne was
first hatched, may be now the
child-bed of grace and mercy. And
if sorrow at the crosse did not make
thee as deafe, as at the toombe it
maketh thee forgetfull, thou didst
in confirmation hereof heare him-
selfe saye to one of the theeues,
that the same day hee should be
with him in Paradise. And if it be
reason that no shadowe should be
more priuiledged than the bodie,

no

no figure in more account than the figured truth, why shouldest thou beleue that *Elias* and *Enoch* haue been in Paradise, these many ages, and that he whom they but as types resembled, should be excluded frō thence? He excelled them in life, surpassed them in miracles, he was farre beyond them in dignitie: Why then should not his place be farre aboue, or at the least equall with theirs, sith their prerogatiues were so far inferiour vnto his?

And yet If the basenesse and misery of his passion, haue layd him so low in thy conceite, that thou thinkest Paradise too high a place to be likely to haue him: the very lowest roome. that any reason can assigne him, cannot be meaner than the bosome of *Abraham*; and sith God in his life did so often acknowledge him for his son,

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it seemeth the flendrest preheminence, that he can giue him aboue other men that being his holy *one*, *he should not in his body see corruption*, but be free among the dead, reposing both in bodie and soule, where others saints are in soule onely. Let not therefore the place where hee is, trouble thee, sith it cannot be woorse than his graue, and infinite coniectures make probability that it cannot but be better.

But suppose that he were yet remaining in earth, and taken by others out of his Tombe, what would it auaille thee to knowe where he were? If he be with such as loue and honour him, they will be as warie to keepe him, as they are loath he should be lost: & therefore wil either often change, or neuer cōfesse the place, knowing secrecie to be the surest locke to defend so great a treasure. If those
haue

haue taken him, that malice and maligne him, thou mayest vwell iudge him past thy recouerie, when he is once in possession of so cruell owners.

Thou wouldest happily make sale of thy liuing, and seeke him by ransom. But it is not likely they would sell him to be honored, that bought him to be murdered.

If price would not serue, thou wouldest fall to prayer. But how can prayer soften such flint hearts? and if they scorned so manie teares offered for his life, as little will they regard thy intreatie for his corse.

If neither price nor prayer would preuaile, thou wouldest attempt it by force. But alas silly souldier, thy arms are to weake to manage weapons, and the issue of the assault, would be the losse of thy selfe.

If no other way would helpe,

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thou wouldest purloine him by stealth, and thinke thy selfe happy in contriuing such a theft. O *Mary* thou art deceiued, for malice will haue manie lockes, and to steale him from a theefe, that could steale him frō the watch, requireth more cunning in the arte, than thy want of practise can affoord thee.

Yet if these be the causes that thou enquirest of the place, thou shewest the force of thy rare affection, and deseruest the Lawrell of a perfect louer.

But to feele more of their sweetness, I will pound these spices, and dwell a while in the peruse of thy resolute seruour.

And first, can thy loue enrich thee when thy goods are gone, or a dead corse repay the value of thy rancome? Because he had neither bed to be borne in, nor graue to be buried in: wilt thou therefore
rather

rather be poore with him, than rich without him.

Againe, if thou hadst to sue to some cruel Scribe or Pharisie, that is, to a hart boyling in rancor, with a heart burning in loue, for a thing of him about all things detested, of thee about all things desired: as his enemy to whom thou suest, and his friend for whom thou intreatest: canst thou thinke it possible for this sute to speed? Could thy loue repaire thee from his rage, or such a tyrant stoupe to a womans teares?

Thirdly, if thy Lord might be recovered by violence, art thou so armed in compleat loue, that thou thinkest it sufficient harnesse? or doth thy loue endue thee with such a *Judiths* spirite, or lend thee such *Sampsons* lockes, that thou canst breake open huge gates, or foyle whole armies? Is thy loue so

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sure a shield, that no blowe can breake it, or so sharp a dint, that no force can withstand it? Can it thus alter sexe: change nature, and exceed all Art?

But of all other courses wouldest thou aduenture a theft to obtaine thy desire? A good deed must bee well done, and a worke of mercie without breach of iustice. It were a sinne to steale a prophane treasure, but to steale an annointed Prophet, can be no lesse than a sacriledge. And what greater stain to thy Lord, to his doctrine, and to thy selfe, than to see thee his Disciple publikely executed for an open theft?

O *Marie*, vnlesse thy loue haue better warrant than cōmon serce, I can hardly see how such disseignments can be approoued.

Approoued (saith she) I would to God the execution were as easie

As the prooffe, and I should not long bewaile my vnfortunat losse.

To others it seemeth ill to preferre loue before riches, but to loue it seemeth worse to preferre any thing before it selfe. Cloath him with plates of siluer, that shiuereth for colde, or fill his purse with treasure, that pineth for hunger, and see whether the plates will warme him, or the treasure feede him. No no, he will giue vs all his plates for a wollen garment, and all his mony for a meales meat. Euerie supply fitteth not with euerie neede, and the loue of so sweete a Lord hath no correspondence in worldly wealth. Without him I were poore, though Empresse of the world. With him I were rich though I had nothing else. They that haue most are accounted richest, and they thought to haue most, that haue all they desire: and there-

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therefore as in him alone is the vt-
termost of my desires, so he alone
is the summe of all my substance. It
were too happie an exchange, to
haue God for goods, and too rich
a pouertie to enioy the onely trea-
sure of the world. If I were so for-
tunate a begger, I would disdain
Solomons wealth, and my loue be-
ing so highly enriched, my life
should neuer complaine of want.

And if all I am worth would
not reach to his ransome, what
shold hinder me to seek him by in-
treaty? Though I were to sue to the
greatest tyrant, yet the equitie of
my sute is more then halfe a grant.
If many drops soften the hardest
stones, why should not many tears
supple the most stony hearts? what
anger so fierie that may not bee
quenched with eye-water, sith a
weeping suppliant, rebateth the
edge of inore than a Lyons furie?

My

My sute it selfe would sue for mee,
and so doleful a corse would quicken
pittie in the most yron hearts.
But suppose that by touching a
ranckled sore, my touch should
anger it, and my petition at the first
incense him that heard it: he wold
percase reuile me in words, and
then his owne iniurie would re-
coyle with remorse, and be vnto
me a patron to proceede in my re-
quest. And if he should accompa-
nie his words with blows, and his
blowes with woundes, it may be
my stripes would smart in his guiltie
mind, and his conscience bleed
in my bleeding woundes, and my
innocent blood so entender his
adamant heart, that his owne in-
ward feelings would pleade my
cause, and peraduenture obtaine
my sute.

But if through extremitie of
spight, hee should happen to kill
me,

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mee, his offence might easily redound to my felicity. For he would be as carefull to hide whom he had vniustly murthered, as him whom he had feloniously stolne, and so it is like, that he would hide me in the same place where hee had laid my Lord, and as he hated vs both for one cause, him for calling, and me for acknowledging that he was the Messias: so would hee vse vs both after one manner. And thus what comfort my bodie wanted, my soule should enioy, in seeing a part of my selfe partner of my Maisters miserie: with whom to be miserable, I reckon a higher fortune, than without him to be most happie.

And if no other meane would serue to recover him but force: I see no reason why it might not very well become me? None will bar mee from defending my life, which

which the least worme in the right nature hath leaue to preserue. And sith he is to me so deare a life, that without him, all life is death, nature authoriseth my feeble forces to imploy their vttermost in so necessarie an attempt. Necessitie addeth abilitie, and loue doubleth necessitie, and it often happeneth that nature armed with loue, and pressed with neede, exceedeth it selfe in might and surmounteth all hope in successe. And as the equitie of the cause doth breathe courage into the defenders, making them the more willing to fight, and the lesse vnwilling to die: so guilty consciences are euer timorous, still starting with sodain frights, and afraid of their own suspitions, ready to yeelde before the assault, vpon distresse of their cause, and dispaire of their defence. Sith therefore to rescue an innocent, to recover a right,

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right, and to redresse so deepe a wrong, is so iust a quarrell: nature will enable mee, loue encourage mee, grace confirme mee, and the iudge of all iustice fight in my behalfe.

And if it seeme vnfitting to my sexe in talke, much more in practise to deale with martiall affaires: yet when such a cause happeneth, as neuer had patterne, such effects must follow as are without example. There was neuer any body of a God but one, neuer such a bodie stolne but now, neuer such a stealth vnreuenged but this. Sith therefore the angels neglect it, and men forget it, O *Judith* lend me thy prowesse, for I am bound to regard it.

But suppose that my force were vnable to winne him by an open enterprise, what scruple should keepme from seeking him by secret

cret meanes? yea and by plaine stealth, it will be thought a sinne, and condēned for a theft. O sweet sinne why was not I the first that did commit thee? Why did I suffer anie other sinner to preuent me? For stealing from God his honor I was called a sinner, and vnder that title was spread my infamie. But for stealing God from a false owner, I was not worthie to be called a sinner, because it had been too high a glorie. If this be so great a sinne, and so haynous a theft, let others make choise of what titles they will: but for my part, I would refuse to be an angel, I would not wish to be a Saint, I would neuer be esteemed either iust or true, and I should be best contented if I might both liue and die such a sinner, and be condemned for such a theft. When I heard my Lorde make so comfortable a
pro-

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promise to the theefe vpō the cros,
that hee should that day be with
him in Paradise, I had halfe an en-
uie at that theeues good fortune,
and wished my selfe in the theefes
place, so I might haue enioyed the
fruit of his promise. But if I could
be so happy a theefe, as to commit
this theft, if that wish had taken ef-
fect, I would now vnwith it againe,
and scorne to be any other theefe
than my selfe, sith my bootie could
make me happier, then anie other
theefes felicitie. And what though
my felonie should bee called in
question, in what respect should I
neede to feare? They would say,
that I loued him too well. But that
were soone disprooued, sith where
the worthinesse is infinite, no loue
can be enough. They would ob-
iect that I stole an others goods: &
as for that, manie sure titles of my
interest, would auerre him to bee
mine,

mine, and his dead corse would rather speak than witnesses should faile to depose so certaine a truth. And if I had not a special right vnto him, what should moue me to venture my life for him? No no, if I were so happie a fellow, I should feare no temporall arraignment. I should rather feare that the angels would cite me to my answer, for preuēting thē in the theft, sith not the highest Seraphin in heauē, but would deem it a higher stile, than his owne, to be the theefe that had committed so glorious a robberie.

But alas thus stand I deuising what I would doe, If I knew any thing of him, and in the mean time I neither know who hath him, nor where they haue bestowed him, and stil I am forced to dwell in this answer, that *They haue taken away my Lord, and I know not where they haue put him.*

While

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Whyle *Mary* thus lost her selfe
in a Laborinth of doubts, watering
her words with teares, and war-
ming them with sighes, seeing the
Angels with a kinde of reuerence
rise, as though they had done ho-
nour to one behinde her: *She tur-
ned backe, and she saw Iesus standing,
but that it was Iesus she knew not.*

O *Marie* is it possible that thou
hast forgotten Iesus? Faith hath
written him in thy vnderstanding,
loue in thy will, both feare & hope
in thy memorie: and how can all
these registers bee so cancelled,
that so p'ainly seeing, thou shoul-
dest not know the contents? For
him onely thou tyredest thy feete,
thou bēdest thy knees, thou wrin-
gest thy handes. For him thy
heart throbberh, thy brest sigheth,
thy tongue complaineth. For him
thy eyes weepeth, thy thought sor-
roweth, thy whole bodie fainteth
and

and thy soule languisheth. In sum,
there is no part in thee, but is busie
about him, and notwithstanding
all this, hast thou now forgotten
him? His countenance auoucheth
it, his voice assureth it, his wounds
witness it, thy own eies behold it,
and doest thou not yet beleue that
this is Iesus? Are thy sharpe seeing
eies become so weake sighted, that
they are dazeled with the sun, and
blinded with the light?

But there is such a shower of
teares betweene thee and him, and
thy eies are so dimmed with weep-
ing for him, that thogh thou seest
the shape of a man, yet thou canst
not discern him. Thy eares also are
still so possessed with the dolefull
Eccho of his last speeches, which
want of breath, made him vtter in
a dying voice, that the force and
lowdnesse of his liuing wordes,
maketh thee imagine it the voice

H

of

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of a stranger: and therefore as hee
seemeth vnto thee so-like a stran-
ger, he asketh this question of thee,
*O woman why weepest thou, whom see-
kest thou?*

O desire of the heart, & only ioy
of her soule, why demandest thou
why she weepeth, or for whom she
seeketh? But a while since she saw
thee her onely hope hanging on a
tree, with thy head full of thornes,
thy eyes full of teares, thy eares
full of blasphemies, thy mouth full
of gall, thy whole person mangled
and disfigured, and doest thou
aske her why she weepeth? Scarfe
three daies passed, she beheld thy
armes and legges, racked with vio-
lent puls, thy hands and feete boar-
ed with nayles, thy side wounded
with a speare, thy whole bodie
torne with stripes and goared in
bloud, and doest thou her onely
griefe aske her why she weepeth?
Shee

Shee beheld thee vpon the crosse
with manie teares, and most la-
mentable cryes, yeelding vp her
ghost, that is thy owne ghost, and
alas askest thou why she weepeth?
And nowe to make vp her miserie,
hauing but one hope aliuie which
was, that for a small releefe of her
other afflictions, shee might haue
annointed thy bodie, that hope is
also dead, since thy bodie is remo-
ued and shee nowe standeth hope-
lesse of all helpe, and demaundest
thou why shee weepeth, and for
whome she seeketh? Full well thou
knowest, that thee onely she de-
sireth, thee onely she loueth, all
things besides thee she contem-
neth, and canst thou finde in thy
heart to aske her whō she seeketh?
To what end, O sweet Lord, dost
thou thus suspend her longinges,
prolong her desires, and martyr hir
with these tedious delays? Thou

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onely art the fortresse of her faint
faith, the anker of her wauering
hope, the verie center of her vehem-
ent loue: to thee shee trusteth,
vpon thee shee relieth, and of her
selfe she wholly despayreth. Shee
is so earnest in seeking thee, that
shee can neither seeke nor thinke
any other thing: and all her wits
are so busied in musing vpon thee,
that they drawe all attention from
her senses, wherewith they should
discerne thee. Being therefore so
attentive to that shee thinketh,
what maruell though shee marke
not whome shee seeth, and sith
thou hast so perfect notice of her
thought, and she so little power to
discouer thee by sense, why de-
mandest thou for whome she see-
keth, or why she weepeth? Dost
thou looke that she should answer,
for thee I seek, or for thee I weepe?
vnlesse thou wilt vnbinde her
thoughts,

thoughts, that her eyes may fully see thee, or while thou wilt be concealed, doest thou expect that she should be able to know thee?

But O *Marie*, not without cause doth he aske thee this question. Thou wouldst haue him aliue, and yet thou weepest because thou doest not find him dead. Thou art sorie that he is not heere, and for this verie cause thou shouldest rather be glad. For if he were dead, it is most likely he should be here, but not being heere, it is a signe that he is aliue. He reioyceth to be out of his graue, and thou weepest because he is not in it. He will not lie any where, and thou sorrowest for not knowing where hee lieth. Alas why bewaylest thou his glory, and iniurie: the reuiuing of his bodie as the robberie of his corse? He being aliue, for what dead man mourneest thou, and hee

H 3 being

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being present, whose absence dost thou lament? *But shee taking him to be a Gardener, said unto him, O Lord if thou hast caried him from hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.*

O wonderfull effects of *Maries* loue, if loue be a languor how liueth shee by it? If loue be her life, how dieth she in it? If it bereaued her of sence, how did she see the Angels? If it quickened her sence, why knew she not Iesus? Dost thou seeke for one, whome when thou hast found thou knowst not, or if thou dost know him when thou findest him, why dost thou seeke when thou hast him?

Behold Iesus is come, and the partie whom thou seekest, is he that talketh with thee. O *Marie* call vp thy wits, and open thine eyes. Hath thy Lord liued so long, laboured so much, dyed with such paine,

paine, and shed such showres of bloud to come to no higher preferment, than to be a Gardener? And hast thou bestowed such cost, so much sorrow, and so manie teares, for no better man than a silly Gardener? Alas, is the sorie Garden the best inheritance that thy loue can afford him, or a Gardiners office the highest dignitie that thou wilt allow him? It had bin better he had liued to haue bin lord of thy castle, than with his death so dearely to haue bought so smal a purchase.

But thy mistaking, hath in it a further mysterie. Thou thinkest not amisse, though thy sight be deceiued. For as our first father, in the state of grace and innocencie, was placed in the Garden of pleasure, and the first office allotted him, was to be a Gardener: so the first man that euer was in glorie, appeareth first in a Garden, & presenteth

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senteth himselfe in a Gardeners
likenes, that the beginnings of glo-
rie, might resemble the entrance
of innocencie and grace. And as
a Gardener was the fall of man-
kind, the parent of sin, and author
of death, so is this Gardener, the
raiser of our ruines, the ransom of
our offences, and the restorer of
life. In a Garden *Adam* was de-
ceiued, and taken captiue by the
deuill. In a Garden Christ was be-
trayed and taken prisoner by the
Jews. In a Garden *Adam* was con-
demned to earn his bread with the
sweat of his browes. And after a
free gift of the bread of Angels in
the last supper in a Garden, Christ
did earne it vs with a bloudie sweat
of his whole body. By disobedi-
ent eating the fruite of a tree, our
right to that Garden was by *Adam*
forfeyted, and by the obedient
death of Christ vpon a tree, a farre
better

better right is nowe recovered.
When *Adam* had sinned in the
Garden of pleasure: he was there
apparrelled in dead beasts skinnēs,
that his garment might betoken
his graue, and his liverie of death
agree with his condemnation to
die. And now to defray the debt
of that sinne, in this garden Christ
lay clad in the dead mans shrowd,
and buried in his Tombe, that as
our harmes began, so they might
end; and such places and meanes
as were the premises to our misfe-
rie, might be also the conclusions
of our misfortune. For this did
Christ in the canticles, inuite vs to
a heauenly banquet, after he was
come into this Garden, and had
reaped his myrrh, and his spice, to
forewarne vs of the ioy, that after
this haruest should presently en-
sue, namely when hauing sowed
in this Garden, a body, the morta-
litie

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litie whereof was signified by those spices, he now reaped the same, neither capable of death, nor subiect to corruption. For this also was *Marie* permitted to mistake, that wee might be infourmed of the mysterie, and see how aptly the course of our redemption did answer the processe of our condemnation.

But though he be the Gardener that hath planted the tree of grace, and restored vs to the vse and eating of the fruits of life. Though it be he that soweth his giftes in our soules, quickening in vs the seedes of vertue, and rooting out of vs the weedes of sinne: yet is he neuerthelesse the same Iesus he was, and the borrowed presence of a meane labourer, neither altereth his person, nor diminisheth his right to his diuine titles.

Why then canst thou not as
well

well see what in truth hee is, as what in shewe hee seemeth, but because thou seest more than thou diddest beleue, and findest more than thy faith serued thee to seeke: and for this though thy loue was woorthy to see him, yet thy faith was vnworthie to knowe him. Thou didst seeke for him as dead, and therefore doest not know him seeing him aliue, and because thou beleuest not of him as he is, thou doest onely see him as he seemeth to be.

I cannot say thou arte faultlesse, sith thou arte so lame in thy beleefe: but thy fault deserueth fauour, because thy charitie is so great, and therefore, O mercifull Iesu, giue me leaue to excuse whom thou art minded to forgive,

Shee thought to haue founde thee, as shee left thee, and she sought

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fought thee as she did last see thee,
being so ouercome with sorrowe
for thy death, that she had neither
roome nor respite in her minde,
for any hope of thy life, and being
so deeply interred in the griefe of
thy buriall, that she could not raise
her thoughts to any conceit of thy
resurrection.

For in the graue where *Ioseph*
buried thy bodie, *Marie* together
with it entombed her soule, and
so straightly combined it with thy
corse, that she could with more
ease sunder her soule from her
owne bodie, that liueth by it, than
from thy dead bodie, with which
her loue did burie it: for it is more
thine and in thee, than her owne
or in her selfe: and therefore in
seeking thy bodie, she seeketh her
owne soule, as with the losse of
the one, she also lost the other.
Whatmaruell then though sence
faile

faile, when the soule is lost, fith
the lanterne must needes be darke
when the light is out?

Restore vnto her therefore her
soule that lieth imprisoned in thy
bodie, and she wil soone, both re-
couer her sence, and discouer her
errour. For alas it is no errour that
proceedeth of any will to erre, and
it riseth as much of vehemencie or
affection, as of default in faith. Re-
gard not the errour of a woman,
but the loue of a Disciple, which
supplieth in it selfe what in faith it
wanteth.

O Lorde (saith shee) *If thou
hast carried him hence, tell me where
thou hast laid him, and I will take him
away.*

O howe learned is her igno-
rance, and howe skilfull her error?
Shee charged not the Angels with
thy remoouing, nor seemed to
mistrust them for carrying thee a-
way

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way, as though that her loue had taught her, that their helpe was needlesse, where the thing remooued was remoouer of it selfe. She did not request them to enforme her where thou wert layd, as if she had reserued that question for thy selfe to answere. But now shee iudgeth thee so likely to be the author of her losse, that halfe supposing thee guiltie, shee sueth a recouerie, and desireth thee to tell her where the bodie is, as almost fully perswaded that thou art as priuie to the place, as well acquainted with the action. So that if she be not altogether right, shee is not verie muche wrong, and shee erreth with such ayme, that shee verie little mysseth the truth. Tell her therefore O Lord, what thou hast doone with thy selfe, sith it is fittest for thy owne speech to vtter, that which was on-
ly

lie possible for thy owne power to performe.

But O *Marie*, sithence thou art so desirous to know where thy Iesus is; why doest thou not name him, when thou askest for him? Thou saidst to the angels that they had taken away thy Lorde, and now the second time thou askest for him. Are thy thoughts so visible, as at thy onely presence to be seene; or so generall, that they possesse all when they are once in thee? When thou speakest of him, what Him doest thou meane, or howe canne a stranger vnderstand thee when thou talkest of thy Lorde? Hath the world no other Lords but thine? or is the demaunding by no other name but (him) a sufficient notice for whom thou demaundest?

But such is the nature of thy loue, thou iudgeth that no other
should

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should be intitl'd a Lord, sith the whole world is too little for thy Lordes profession, and that those fewe creatures that are, cannot chuse but knowe him, sith all the creatures of the world are too few to serue him. And as his worthies can appay all loues, and his onely loue content all hearts, so thou deemest him to bee so well worthy to be owner of all thoughts, that no thought in thy conceite, can be well bestowed vpon any other.

Yet thy speeches seeme more suddaine than sounde, and more peremptorie, than well pondered. Why doest thou say so resolutely without anie further circumstance, that if this Gardener haue taken him, thou wilt take him from him? If he had him by right, in taking him away thou shouldst doe him wrong. If thou
supposhest

supposest. hee wrongfully tooke him, thou laist theft to his charge, and howsoever it be thou eyther condemnest thy selfe for an vsurper, or him for a theefe. And is this an effect of thy zealous loue, first to abase him from a God to a Gardener, & now to degrade him from a Gardener to a theefe?

Thou shouldest also haue considered whether he tooke him vpon loue or malice. If it were for loue, thou maist assure thy selfe that he will be as warie to keepe, as he was ventrous to get him, and therefore thy pollicy was weake in saying, thou wouldest take him away before thou knewest where he was, sith none is so simple to bewray their treasure to a knowne theefe. If he tooke him of malice, thy offer to recover him, is an open defiance, sith

I ma-

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malice, is as obstinate in defending
as violent in offering wrong, and
he that would be cruel against thy
maisters dead bodie, is likely to be
more furious against his living
disciple.

But thy loue had no leisure to
cast so many doubts. Thy teares
were interpreters of thy words and
thy innocent meaning was writ-
ten in thy dolefull countenance.
Thy eyes were rather pleaders for
pittie, than Heraulds of wrath, and
thy whole person presented such
a patterne of thy extreame anguish,
that no man from thy presence
could take in any other impression.
And therefore what thy wordes
wanted, thy action supplied, and
what his care might mistake his
eye did vnderstand.

It may be also that he wrought
in thy heart, that was concealed
from

from thy sight, & happily his voice and demeanour did importe such compassion of thy case, that he seemed as willing to affoord, as thou desirest to haue his helpe. And so presuming by his behauiour, that thy sute should not suffer repulse, the tenour of thy request doth but argue thy hope of a graunt.

But what is the reason, that in all thy speeches, which since the misse of thy maister thou hast vttered (*where they haue put him*) is alwaies apart? So thou saydest to the Apostles, the same to the Angels, and now thou doest repeate it to this supposed Gardener: verie sweete must this word bee in thy heart, that is so often in thy mouth, and it would neuer be so ready in thy tounge, if it were not verie fresh in thy memorie.

But what meruaile though it

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taſt ſo ſweet, that was firſt ſeaſoned
in thy maiſters mouth, which as
it was the treaſurie of truth, the
fountaine of life, and the onely
quire of the moſt perfect harmo-
nie, ſo whatſoeuer it deliuered, thy
eare deuoured, and thy heart loc-
ked vp. And now that thou wan-
teſt himſelfe, thou haſt no other
comfort but his words, which thou
deemeſt ſo much the more effec-
tuall to perſwade, in that they
tooke their force from ſo heavenly
a ſpeaker. His ſweetneſſe therefore
it is, that maketh this worde ſo
ſweete, and for loue of him thou
repeateſt it ſo often, becauſe he in
the like caſe ſaide of thy brother,
Where haue you put him? O howe
much doeſt thou affect his perſon
that findeſt ſo ſweet a feeling in his
phraſe. How much deſireſt thou to
ſee his countenance, that with ſo
great

great desire prououcest his words.
And how willingly wouldest thou
licke his sacred feet, that so willing-
ly vtterest his shortest speeches?

But what meanest thou to
make so absolute a promise, and
so bouldly to say, *I will take him
away*. *Ioseph* was afraid, and durst
not take downe his body from
the crosse, but by night, yea and
then also not without *Pilats* war-
rant, but thou neither staiest vntill
night, nor regardest *Pilat*, but stout-
ly promisest, that thou thy selfe wilt
take him away.

What if he be in the pallace of
the high priest, and some such maid
as made *Saint Peter* denie his mai-
ster, do begin to questiō with thee,
wilt thou the stand to these words,
I will take him away? Is thy cou-
rage so high aboue kinde, thy
strength so far beyond thy sexe, and

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thy loue so much without measure that thou neither doest remember that all women are weake, nor that thou thy selfe art but a woman? Thou exemptest no place, thou preferrest no person, thou speakest without feare; thou promist without condition, thou makest no exception: as though nothing were impossible that thy loue suggesteth.

But as the darknesse could not fright thee from setting foorth before day, nor the watch feare thee from comming to the Toombe: as thou diddest resolue to breake open the seales, though with danger of thy life, and to remooue the stone from the graues mouth, though thy force could not serue thee: so what meruaile though thy loue being nowe more incenced with the fresh wound of thy losse,

it

it resolue vpon any, though neuer
so hard aduentures?

Loue is not ruled with reason,
but with loue. It neither regar-
deth what can be, nor what shall
bee doone, but onely what it
selfe desireth to doe. No difficultie
canne stay it, no impossibilitie ap-
pale it. Loue is title iust enough,
and Armour strong enough for
all assaults, and it selfe a reward of
all labours. It asketh no recom-
pence, it respecteth no commo-
dity. Loues fruits are loues effects,
and the gaines the paines. It con-
sidereth behoofe, more than be-
nesite, and what in dutie it
shoulde, not what in deede it
can.

But how can nature be so may-
stered with affection, that thou
canst take such delight and carrie
such loue to a dead corse? The mo-
ther

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ther how tēderly ſoeuer ſhe loued
her childe aliue , yet ſhee cannot
chuſe but loath him ded. The moſt
louing ſpouſe cannot endure the
preſence of her deceased husband
and whoſe embracements were
delightſome in life , are euer moſt
hatefull after death. Yea this is the
nature of all , but principally of
women , that the verie conceite,
much more the ſight of the departed,
ſtriketh into them ſo fearefull
and ougly impreſſions , and ſtir-
reth in them ſo great horreur , that
notwithſtanding the moſt vehe-
ment loue , they thinke long vntill
the houſe be rid of their very dea-
reſt friendes , when they are once
attyled in deaths vnlovely liue-
ries. How then canſt thou en-
dure to take vp his corſe in thy
handes , and to carrie it thou
knoweſt not thy ſelfe howe farre,
being

being especially so torne and mangled, and consequently the more likely in so long time to bee rained.

Thy sister was vnwilling that the graue of her owne brother should bee opened, and yet hee was shrowded in sheetes, embalmed with spices, and dyed an ordinary death, without anie wound, bruse or other harme, that might hasten his corruption. But this corse hath neither shroud nor spice, sith these are to be seene in the Toombe, and there is not a parte in his bodie but had some helpe to further it to decay, and art thou not afraid to see him, yea to touch him, yea to embrace and carrie him naked in thy armes?

If thou hadddest remembered Gods promise, that *His holy one*
should

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should not see corruption : If thou haddest beleued, that his Godhead remayning with his bodie, could haue preserued it from perishing, thy faith had beene more worthy of prayse, but thy loue lesse worthie of admiration, sith the more corruptible thou diddest conceiue him, the more combaters thou diddest determine to ouercome, and the greater was thy loue in being able to conquer them. But thou wouldest haue thought thy oyntmentes rather harmes than helpes, if thou hadst beene setled in that beliefe, and for so heauenly a corse embalmed with God, all earthly spices woulde haue seemed a disgrace. If likewise thou haddest firmelie trusted vpon his resurrection, I should lesse meruaile at thy constant disignement, sith all hazards

zardes in taking him should haue
beene with vsurie repaid, if lying
in thy lappe, thou mightest haue
seene him reuiued, and his disfigu-
red and dead bodie beautified in
thy armes with a diuine maiestie.
If thou hadst hoped so good for-
tune to thy waterie eyes, that they
might haue been first cleered with
the beames of his desired light, or
that his eyes might haue blessed
thee with the first fruites of their
glorious lookes: If thou hadst ima-
gined any likelihood to haue made
happy thy dying heart, with ta-
king in the first gaspes of his li-
uing breath, or to haue heard the
first wordes of his pleasing voice:
Finally if thou hadst thought to
haue seene his iniuries turned to
honours, the markes of his mise-
rie to ornaments of glorie, and
the depth of thy heauinesse to
such

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such a height of felicitie , what-
soever thou hadst done to obtaine
him, had been but a mite for a mil-
lion, and too slender a price for so
soueraigne a peniworth.

But hauing no such hopes to
vphold thee , and so manie mo-
tiues to plunge thee in dispaire,
how could thy loue be so mightie,
as neither to feele a womans feare
of so deformed a corse , nor to
thinke the weight of the burthen
too heauie for thy feeble armes,
nor to be amated with a world of
dangers that this attempt did'car-
rie with it?

But affection cannot feare whom
it affecteth, loue feeleth no load of
him it loueth, neither can true
friendship be frightened from rescu-
ing so affied a friend.

What meanest thou then , O
comfort of her life , to leaue so
constant

constant a wel-willer so long vn-comforted, and to punish her so much, that so vvell deserueth pardon? Dallie no longer with so knowne a loue, which so manie trials auouch most true. And sith shee is nothing but what it pleaseth thee, let her taste the benefite of being onely thine. Shee did not followe the tide of thy better fortune, to shift saile when the streame did alter course. Shee beganne not to loue thee in thy life, to leaue thee after death: Neither was shee such a guest at thy table, that meant to bee a stranger in thy necessitie. She left thee not in thy lowest ebbe, shee reuolted not from thy last extremitie: In thy life shee serued thee with her goods: in thy death shee departed not from the crosse: after death shee came to dwell with thee

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thee at thy graue. Why then doest thou not saye with *Noemi*? *Blessed be shee of our Lord, because what courtesie shee afforded to the quicke, shee hath also continued towards the dead.* A thing so much the more to be esteemed, in that it is most rare.

Doe not sweete Lorde any longer delaye her. Beholde shee hath attended thee these three dayes, and shee hath not what to eate, nor where-with to foster her famished soule, vnlesse thou by discovering thy selfe, doest minister vnto her the bread of thy body, and feede her with the foode, that hath in it all taste of sweetenesse. If therefore thou wilt not haue her to faint in the waye, refreshe her with that which her hunger requirereth. For surely shee cannot long

long enioye the life of her bodie, vnlesse shee may haue notice of thee, that art the life of her soule.

But feare not *Marie* for thy teares will obtaine. They are too mightie oratours, to let any suite fall, and though they pleaded at the most rigorous barre, yet haue they so perswading a silence, and so conquering a complaint, that by yeelding they ouercome, and by entreating they commaunde. They tye the tongues of all accusers, and soften the rigour of the seuerest Iudge. Yea they winne the inuisible, and binde the omnipotent. When they seeme most pittifull, they haue greate power, and being moste forsaken they are more victorious. Repentant eyes are the Cellers of Angells, and penitent
teares

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teares their sweetest vines, which
the sauer of life perfumeth; the
taste of grace sweetneth, and the
purest colours of returning inno-
cencie highly beautiesh. This
deaw of deuotion neuer faileth,
but the sunne of iustice draweth
it vp, and vpon what face soeuer
it droppeth, it maketh it amiable
in Gods eye. For this water hath
thy heart beene long a limbecke,
sometimes distilling it out of the
weedes of thy owne offences
with the fire of true contrition.
Sometimes out of the flowers
of spirituall comforts, with the
flames of contemplation, and now
out of the bitter hearbes of thy
maisters miseries, with the heate
of a tender compassion. This
water hath better graced thy
lookes, than thy former alluring
glances. It hath setled worthier
beauties

beauties in thy face, than all thy artificiall payntings. Yea this one-lie water hath quenched Gods anger, qualified his iustice, reco-uered his mercie, merited his loue, purchased his pardon, and brought forth the spring of all thy fauours. Thy teares were the proctours for thy brothers life, the inuiters of those Angells for thy comfort, and the suters that shall be rewarded with the first sight of thy reuiued fauour. Rewarded they shall be, but not refrained, altered in their cause, but theit course continued. Heauen would weepe at the losse of so pretious a water, and earth lament the absence of so fruitefull showers. No no, the Angels must still bathe themselues in the pure streames of thy eyes, and thy face shall still be set with this li-

K quid

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quid pearle, that as out of thy teares, were stroken the first sparks of thy Lordes loue, so thy teares may bee the oyle, to nourish and feede his fame. Till death dam vp the springs, they shall neuer cease running: and then shall thy soule be ferried to them to the harbour of life, that as by them it was first passed from sinne to grace, so in them it may be waisted from grace to glorie. In the meane time, reare vp thy fallen hopes, and gather confidence both of thy speedie comfort, & thy Lords well being.

Iesus saith vnto her, Maria, She turning, saith vnto him: Rabboni.

O louing maister, thou diddest onely deferre her consolation, to increase it, that the delight of thy presence, might bee so much the more welcome, in that through
thy

thy long absence it was with so little hope, so much desired. Thou wert content shee should lay out for thee so manie sighes, teares, and plaints, and diddest purposely adiourne the date of her payment, to requite the length of these delayes with a larger loane of ioye. It may be shee knewe not her former happinesse, till shee was weaned from it: nor had a right estimate in valuing the treasures, with which thy presence did enrich her, vntill her extreame pouertie taught her their vnestimable rate. But now thou shewest by a sweete experience, that though shee payd thee with the dearest water of her eyes, with her best breath, and tenderest loue, yet small was the price that shee bestowed in respect of the worth that shee receiued. Shee

K 2 sought

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sought thee dead, and imprisoned
in a stonie gayle: and nowe shee
findeth thee both aliue and at full
libertie. She sought thee shry-
ned in a shrowd, more like a lea-
per than thy selfe, left as the mo-
dell of the vttermoſt miserie, and
the onely patterne of the bitterest
vnhappineſſe. And now shee fin-
deth thee inueſted in the robes of
glorie, the preſident of the highest,
and both the owner and giuer of all
felicitie.

And as all this while shee hath
sought without finding, wept
without comforte, and called
without aunſwers: ſo nowe thou
didſt ſatiſfie her ſeeking with thy
comming, her teares with thy
tryumph, and all her cryes with
this one word, *Marie*. For when
ſhee heard thee call her in thy
woonted manner, and with thy
vſuall

vsuall voyce; her onely name issuing from thy mouth, wrought so strange an alteration in her, as if shee had beene wholly newe made when shee was onely named. For whereas before the violence of her griefe had so benumbed her, that her bodie seemed but the hearse of her dead heart, and her heart the cophin of an vnliuing soule, and her whole presence but a representation of a double funerall of thine, and of her owne: nowe with this one word her senses are restored, her minde lightened, her heart quickened, and her soule reuiued.

But what maruell though with one word he rayse the dead spirits of his poore disciple, that with a word made the world, and euen in this verie word sheweth an omnipotent power?

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Marie shee was called as well in her bad as in her reformed estate, and both her good and euill, was all of *Maries* working. And as *Marie* signifieth noe lesse what shee was, then what shee is: so is this one word by his vertue that speaketh it, a repetition of all her miseries, an Epitome of his mercies, and a memoriall of all her better fortunes. And therefore it layd so generall a discouerie of her selfe before her eyes, that it awaked her moſte forgotten sorrowes, and mustered togeather the whole multitude of her ioyes, and would haue left the issue of their mutunie verie doubtfull, but that the presence and notice of her highest happinesse decided the quarrell, and gaue her ioyes the victorie. For as 'hee was her onelie Sunne, whose going
downe,

downe, left nothing but a dum-
pish night of fearefull fantasies,
wherein noe starre of hope shyn-
ed, and the brightest plannets
weare changed into dismall signes:
so the serenitie of his countenance
& authority of his word, brought
a calme and well tempered day, that
chasing away all darkenesse, and
disperpling the cloudes of melan-
choly, cured the letargie, and brake
the dead sleepe of her astonied sen-
ces.

Shee therefore rauished with
his voyce, and impatient of de-
layes, taketh his talke out of his
mouth, and to his first and yet
onely word, answered but one o-
ther, calling him *Rabboni*, that is
Maister. And then sodayne ioy
rowling all other passions, shee
coule no more proceede in her
owne, than giue him leaue to goe
forward

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forward with his speech.

Loue would haue spoken, but feare inforced silence. Hope frameth the wordes, but doubte melteth them in the passage: and whether inward conceites serued to come out, her voice trembled, her tongue faltred, her breath failed, In fine, teares issued in lieu of wordes, and deepe sighes in stead of long sentences, the supplying the mothers default, and the heart pressing out the vnfillabled breath at once, which the conflict of her disagreeing passions, would not suffer to bee sorted into the seuerall sounds of intelligible speeches.

For such is their estate that are sicke with a surfet of sodaine ioy, for the attainining of a thing vehemently desired. For as desire is euer vshered by hope, and wayted

wayted on by feare, so is it credulous in entertaining coniectures, but hard in grounding a firme beleefe. And though it be apt to admitte the least shadowe of wished comfort, yet the hotter the desire is to haue it, the more perfect assurance it requireth for it: which so long as it wanteth the first newes or apparance of that which is in request, is rather an alarum to summon vp all passions, than retreit to quiet the desire. For as hope presumeth the best, and inuitheth ioy to gratulat the good successe: so feare suspecteth it too good to bee true, and calleth vp sorrowe to bewaile the vncertaintie. And while these enterchange obiections and answers, sometimes feare falleth into despaire, and hope riseth into repyning anger, and thus the skirmish still continueth,
till

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till euidence of prooffe conclude the controuerſie.

Marie therefore though ſhe ſuddenly, answered vpon notice of his voice, yet becauſe the nouelty was ſo ſtrange, his perſon ſo changed, his preſence ſo vnepected, and ſo many miracles layd at once before her amazed eyes, ſhee found a ſedition in her thoughts, till more earneſt viewing him exempted them from all doubt.

And then though words would haue broken out, and her heart ſent into his, duties that ſhee ought him, ye, euerie thought ſtriuing to be firſt vttered, and to haue the firſt roome in his gracious hearing, ſhee was forced as an indifferent arbitrer among them, to ſeale them vp all vnder ſilence by ſuppreſſing ſpeech, and to ſupply the want of words, with more ſignificant

ficant actions. And therefore running to the haunt of her cheefest delights, and falling at his sacred feete, shee offered to bathe them with teares of ioy, and to sanctifie her lips with kissing his once greivous, but now most glorious wounds.

Shee stayed not for any more words, being now made blessed with the word himselfe, thinking it a greater benefit, at once to feed all her wyshees, in the homage, honour and embracing of his feete, thē in the often hearing of his lesse comfortable talke.

For as the nature of loue coueteth not onely to be vnited, but if it were possible wholly transformed out of it selfe into the thing it loueth: So dooth it most affect that which most vniteth, and preferreth the least cōiunction before
any

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anie distant contentment. And therefore to see him, did not suffice her; to heare him, did not quiet her; to speake with him, was not ynough for her, and except shee might touch him, nothing could please her. But though she humbly fell downe at his feet to kisse them yet Christ did forbid her, saying: *Doe not touch me, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.*

O Iesu, what misterie is in this? Being dead in sinne, shee touched thymortall feete that were to die for her sake, and being nowe aliue in grace, may shee not touch thy glorious feete, that are no lesse for her benifit reuiued? She was once admitted to annoint thy head, and is she now vnworthy of accessse to thy feete? Doost thou nowe commaund her from that for which thou wert woonte to commende her

her, and by praying the deed diddest mooue her often to doe it. Sith other women shal touch thee why hath she a repulse, yea sith she her selfe shal touch thee hereafter, why is shee now reiected? What meanest thou O Lord, by thus debarring her of so desired a dutie, and sith amongst all thy Disciples thou hast vouchsafed her with such a prerogative, as to honour her eyes with thy first sight, and her eares with thy first words, why deniest thou the priuiledge of thy first embracing? If the multitude of her teares haue woone that fauour for her eyes, and her longing to heare thee, so great a recompence to her eares, why doost thou not admit her hands to touch, and her mouth to kisse thy holy seete, sith the one with manie plaints, and the other with their readines to all seruices,

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uices, seemed to haue earned no lesse reward.

But notwithstanding all this, thou preuentest the effect of her offer, with forbidding her to touch thee, as if thou hadst said.

O *Marie* know the difference betweene a glorious and a mortall bodie, betweene the condition of a momentary & of an eternall life. For sith the immortality of the bodie, and the glorie both of bodie and soule, are the endowments of an heauenlie inhabitant, and the rightes of another world, thinke not this fauour to seeme heere ordinary, nor leaue to touch me a common thing.

It were not so great a wonder to see the starres fall from their Spheares, and the Sunne forsake Heauen, and to come with in the reach of a mortall arme, as for me

that

that am not onely a Citizen, but
the soueraigne offaintes, and the
sunne whose beames are the An-
gels blisse, to shewe my selfe visi-
ble to the pilgrimes of this world,
and to display eternall beauties to
corruptible eyes. Though I bee
not yet ascended to my father, I
shall shortly ascend, and therefore
measure not thy demeanour to-
wards me by the place where I am
but by that which is due vnto me.
And then thou wilt rather with
reuerence fall downe a far off, than
with such familiaritie presume to
touch me. Doozt thou not belecue
my former promises? Hast thou
not a constant prooffe by my pre-
sēt words? are not thy eyes & eares
sufficient testimonies, but that
thou must also haue thy hands and
face witnesses of my presence?
Touch mee not, O *Marte*, for if I
doe

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doe deceiue thy sight, or delude
thy hearing, I canne as easilie be-
guile thy hand and frustrat thy fee-
ling. Or if I be true in any one, be-
leeue me in all, and imbrace mee
first in a firme faith, and then thou
shalt touch me with more worthie
handes. It is now necessarie to
weane thee from the comforte of
my externall presence, that thou
mayst learne to lodge me in the se-
crets of thy heart, and teach thy
thoughtes to supply the offices of
outward sences. For in this visibie
shape I am not heere longe to be
seene, being shortly to ascend vnto
my father: but what thy eye then
seeth not, thy heart shall feelee, and
my silent parlee will find audience
in thy inward eare. Yet if thou fea-
rest least my ascending should bee
so sodeine, that if thou dost not
nowe take thy leaue of my feete,
with

with thy humble kisses and louing teares, thou shalt neuer finde the like oportunitie againe, licence from thee that needlesse suspition. I am not yet ascended vnto my Father, and for all such duties, there will bee a more conuenient time. But nowe goe aboute that which requireth more hast, and runne to my brethren and enform them what I say, that I will goe before them into Galilee, there shall they see me.

Marie therefore preferring her Lords will before her owne wish, yet sorrie that her will was woorthie of no better euent, departed from him like a hungry infant pulled from a full teate, or a thirstie Hart chased frō a sweet fountaine. Shee iudged her selfe but an vn-lucky messenger of most ioyfull tidings, being banished from her

L mai-

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maisters presence, to carrie newes
of his resurrection. Alas (saith she)
and cannot others be happie with-
out my vnhappinesse, or cannot
their gaines come in, but through
my losse? Must the dawning of
their day, be the euening of mine,
and my soule robbed of such
a treasure, to enrich their eares? O
my heart returne thou to enioy
him, why goest thou with me, that
am enforced to goe from him? In
mee thou art but in prison, and in
him is thy onely paradise. I haue
buried thee long inough in for-
mer sorrowes, and yet nowe when
thou wert haue reuiued, I am con-
stayned to carrie thee from the
spring of life. Alas go seeke to bet-
ter thy life in some more happie
brest, sith I euill deseruing creature
am nothing different from that
I was, but in hauing taken a tast of
the

the highest delight, that the knowledge and want of it might drown me in the deepest miserie.

Thus dutie leading, and loue with-holding her, she goeth as fast backward in thought, as forward in pace, readie eftsloones to faynt for greefe, but that a firme hope to see him againe, did support her weakenesse. Shee often turned towards the Toombe to breath, deeming the very ayre that came from the place where hee stood, to haue taken vertue of his presence, and to haue in it a refreshing force aboue the course of nature. Sometimes shee forgetteth her selfe, and loue carieth her in a golden distraction, making her to imagine that her Lord is present, and then shee seemeth to demaund him questions, and to heare his aunsweres: shee dreameth that his feete are in her

L 2 folded

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folded armes, and that hee giueth
her soule a full repast of his com-
forts. But alas when shee commeth
to her selfe, and findeth it but an
illusion, shee is so much the more
sorrowfull, in that the onely imagina-
tion, being so delightfull, shee was
not worthie to enioy the thing it
selfe. And when shee passeth by
those places where her maister had
beene: O stones (saith shee) howe
much more happie are you than I
most wretched catiffe, sith to you
was not denied the touch of those
blessed feete, whereof my euill de-
serts haue now made me vnwoor-
thie? Alas what crime haue I of
late committed, that hath thus
cancelled me out of his good con-
ceit, and estranged me from his ac-
customed curtesie, had I but a lease
of his loue, for terme of his life, or
did my interest in his feete expire
with

with his decesse? In them with my teares I write my first supplication for mercie, which I pointed with sighs, foulded vp in my haire, and humblie sealed with the impression of my lippes. They were the dores of my first entrance into his fauour, by which I was grateously entertained in his heart, and admitted to doe homage vnto his head, while it was yet a mortall mirrour of immortall maiestie, an earthly seate of a heauenly wisdom, containing in man a Gods felicitie.

But alas I must be contented to beare a lower saile, & to take down my desires to farre meaner hopes, sith former fauours are nowe too high markes for me to aime at.

O my eyes why are you so ambitious of heauenly honours? He is uowe to bright a Sunne for
L 3 so

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so weake a sight: your looks are limited to meaner light, you are the eyes of a bat, and not of an Eagle: you must hūble your selues to the twilight of inferior things & measure your sightes by your slender substance. Gaze not too much vpon the blaze of eternitie, least you loose your selues in too much selfe delight, and being too curious in sifting his maiestie, you bee in the end oppressed with his glorie. No, no, sith I am reiected from his feete, howe can I otherwise presume, but that my want of faith hath dislodged mee out of his heart, and throwne mee out of all possession of his minde and memorie. Yet why should I stoupe to so base a feare? when want of faith was agreed with want of all goodnesse, he disdained not to accept me for one of his number:
and

and shall I now thinke that he will for my faint beleefe so rigorously abandon me? And is the sincerity of my loue, wherein he hath no partner, of so slender account, that it may not hope for some litle spark of his woonted mercie? I will not wrong him with so vniust a suspition, sith his appearing improueth it, his wordes ouerthrowe it, his countenance doth dissuade it, why the should I sucke so much sorrow out of so vaine a surmise?

Thus *Maries* traueling fantasies, making long voyages in this short iournie, and wauering betweene the ioy of her vision, & the greefe of her deniall, intertayned her in the way, and held her parlie with such discourses, as are incident into minds, in which neither hope is full maister of the field, nor feare hath receiued an vtter overthrow.

But

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But as she was in this perplexed manner now falling, now rising in her own vncertainties, she findeth on the way, the other holy woman that first cāe with her to the graue whom the angels had now assured of Christes resurrection. And as they passed all forwards towards the Disciples: *Behold Iesus met them saying, All haile. But they came neere, and tooke hold of his feeke, and adored him. Then Iesus said vnto them, Feare not. Goe tell my bretheren that they go into Gallilee, there they shall see me.*

O Lord howe profound are thy iudgements, and vnsearchable thy counsels? doth her sorrow sit so neer thy hart, or thy repuls reboūd with such regret by seing her wounded loue bleede so fast at her eyes, that thy late refusall must so soone be requited with so free a grāt? Is it thy pittie, or her chāge, which cannot

not allow that she should any longer fast from her earnest longing?

But O most milde phisition, well knowst thou that thy sharp corrosie, with bitter smart angred her tender wound, which being rather caused, by vnwitting ignorance than wilfull error, was as soone cured as known. And therefore thou quickly appliest a sweet lenitiue, to assuage her paine, that shee might acknowledge her forbidding, rather a fatherly checke to her vnsettled faith, then an austere reiecting her for her fault. And therefore thou admittest her to kisse thy feet, the two conduits of grace, & scales of our redemption, renewing her a charter of thy vnchanged loue, and accepting of her the vowed sacrifice of her sanctified soule.

And thus grations Lord hast thou finished her fears, assured her hopes

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hopes, fulfilled her desires, satisfied her loves, stinted her teares, perfected her ioyes, & made the period of her expiring greefes, the preamble to her nowe entring, and neuer ending pleasures.

O how mercifull a Father thou art, to left Orphanes; how easie a iudge to repentant sinners, & how faithfull a friend to sincere louers? It is vndoubtedly true, that thou neuer leauest those that loue thee, & thou louest such as rest their affiance in thee. They shall find thee liberall aboue desert; & bountifull beyond hope: a measurer of thy giftes, not by their merits, but thy owne mercie.

O Christian soule take *Marie* for thy mirrour, follow her affection that like effects may follow thine. Leame O sinfull man of this once a sinfull woman, that sinners may
finde

finde Christ if their sins bee amended. Learne that whom sin looseth, loue recouereth, whom faintnesse of faith chaseth away, firmnesse of hope recalleth, and that which no other mortall force, fauour or policy cā cōpasse, the cōtinued tears of a constant loue, are able to obtaine. Learne of *Mary* for Christ to fear no encoūters, out of Christ to desire no cōforts, & with the loue of Christ to over-rule the loue of al things. Rise early in the morning of thy good motions, and let them not sleepe in sloth, when diligence may performe them. Run with repentance to thy sinfull hart which should haue beene the temple, but through thy falt, was no better thā a Tombe for Christ, sith hauing in thee no life to feel him, he seemed vnto thee as if hee had been dead. Roule away the stone of thy former hardnes, remoue all the heauy

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loads that oppresse thee in sin, and look into thy soule, whether thou canst there finde the Lord. If there be not within thee, stand weeping without, & seek him in other creatures, sith being present in all hee may be found in anie. Let faith be thy eye, hope thy guide, and loue thy light. Seeke him, & not his: for himselfe, and not for his gifts. If thy faith haue found him in a cloud, let thy hope seeke to see him. If hope haue led thee to see him, let loue seek further into him. To moue in thee a desire to find, his goods are pretious: and when he is found, to keep thee in a desire to seek, his treasures are infinit. Absent, he must be sought to be had, being had, hee must be sought to be more enioyd, Seeke him truely, and no other for him. Seeke him purely, & no other thing with him. Seek him onely & nothing besides him. And if at the first

first scarch he appeare not, think it not much to per seuer in teares, and to continue thy seeking. Stand vpon the earth treading vnder thee all earthly vanities, & touching them with no more than the soles of thy feet, that is with the lowest & least part of thy affection. To looke the better in the tombe, bow down thy necke to the yoke of humilitie, and stoup frō loftie and proud conceits that with humbled & lowly looks thou maist finde, whō swelling and haughtie thoughts haue driuen away. A submitted soul soonest winneth his return, & the deeper it sinketh in a selfe contēpt, the higher it climeth in his highest fauors. And if thou peceauest in thy Tombe of thy hart, the presēce of his two first messēgers that is at the feet sorrow of the bad that is past, and at the head, desire to a better that is to come: entertaine them with sighes,
and

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and welcome them with penitent
tears: yet reckening the but as her-
bingers of thy Lord, cease not thy
seeking till thou findeſt himſelfe.
And if he vouchſafe thee with his
glorious ſight, offering himſelfe to
thy inward eyes, preſume not of
thy ſelfe to be able to knowe him,
but as his vnworthy ſuppliant pro-
ſtrate thy petitions vnto him, that
thou maiſt truly diſcerne him, and
faithfully ſerue him. Thus prepa-
ring thee with diligence, comming
with ſpeed, ſtanding with high liſ-
ted hopes, and ſtouping with incli-
ned hart, if with *Mary* thou craueſt
no other ſolace of Ieſus, but Ieſus
himſelfe, he will anſwere thy teares
with his preſence, & aſſure thee of
his preſence with his owne words,
that hauing ſeen him thy ſelf, thou
maiſt make him knowne to others:
ſaying with *Marie*, *I haue ſeene our*
Lord, & theſe things he ſaid vnto me.

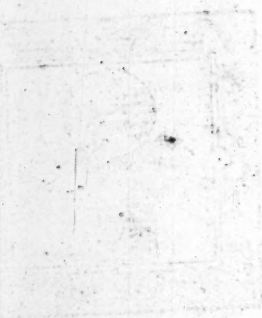
LAVS DEO.

AT LONDON,
Printed for *William Leake*, dwelling
in Paules Church-yard, at
the signe of the Holy
Ghost.



1602.

AT THE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
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